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PICTORIAL

LADIES WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.

"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood; therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

NO. 6 VOL. III.
WHOLE NO. 110.

TORONTO, FOR WEEK ENDING SATURDAY FEB. 6, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS A COPY.
$2.00 PER YEAR.

Mrs. Potter Palmer.

Since the election of Mrs. Potter Palmer as President of the Board of Lady Managers, a little more than a year ago, she has not only been prominently but potently connected with the forth-coming Columbian Exposition. Thus it happens that at the present moment there is perhaps no woman who is more widely discussed, and concerning whom there is more general interest.

In writing of Mrs. Palmer one encounters the difficulty presented by a character so perfectly balanced that there are no idiosyncrasies affording quoins of vantage. She aughingly says of herself: "There is positively nothing to be said about me. My life has been wholly uneventful. As other girls do, I went to school. First, for a time, in Chicago, and later I attended the Visitation Convent at Washington. Shortly after I left school I was married, and I have had two children." Such is Mrs. Palmer's brief and modest account of herself.

Although she has lived since she was a little child in Chicago, Bertha Honore Palmer was born in Louisville, Kentucky. Her family are of French extraction and are people of wealth and refinement. Of her four brothers, two are older and two are younger than herself, and her only sister is Mrs. Fred Grant, whose husband is Minister of Austria. Her immediate family are her husband and her two sons—Honore, who is seventeen years of age, and Potter, who is two years younger.

During the years that Mrs. Palmer has been a social leader much has been published in regard to her beauty, her grace, accomplishments, and perfect taste in dress. However, of her strong character, her fine executive ability, her wisdom, her practical and accurate knowledge of the deep questions of the age, and her exquisite discretion nothing was known. Her present position has made possible the demonstration of these rare characteristics. One of the Board of Lady Managers said of her that all the good fairies must have hovered over her christening. Truly she does possess most of the good gifts, and with generous enthusiasm she devotes them all to the effort she is making to benefit women in a large and permanent way. When she entered upon the duties of her office she declined the salary attached to it, and gives her constant and laborious effort as a free-will offering.

Strong, fine, and capable, and wholly admirable as Mrs. Palmer is as a woman of affairs, it is in her own beautiful home that she is at her best. She has an especially graceful gift of utterance, and her words are invariably fitly spoken. Together with this, she possesses the tactful insight which enables her to put people with whom she comes in contact at their ease, and her guests invariably find themselves at once at their best. Possessed of a sweet and winsome dignity, she still at times, with intimate friends in her home, yields to a gay abandon, which is one of the most fascinating aspects of her many-sided character.

Mrs. Palmer is both an accomplished and a cultured woman. She speaks several languages fluently, and plays the harp with grace and skill. She has travelled widely and frequently, and has been so close an observer and student that she is thoroughly conversant with the art, manners, customs, and conditions of the different countries of the civilized world. She is far-seeing, cool-headed and firm, but is also delicately, tenderly kind and considerate. Withal Mrs. Palmer is the stanchest of friends. Her loyalty is of the sort that knows no faltering nor shadow of turning once her regard is given. What is perhaps even rarer than her unswerving fealty is that she never speaks unkindly or slightingly of any one. The Herculean tasks she has already performed demonstrate her eminent fitness for the position she occupies. Indeed, it is doubtful if any other woman could have been found who would have been able to do in connection with the Columbian Exposition what Mrs. Palmer has accomplished.

MRS. POTTER PALMER.
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF LADY MANAGERS OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Hunting for Mamma.

The sorrowful songs have been sung, the tender prayers have been said, the last sad words have been uttered, all that love and sympathy and tenderness could suggest has been done for the wife and mother calmly resting in her satin-lined coffin under masses of beautiful flowers.

The mourners have gone out with aching hearts and tear-dimmed eyes. The hearse moves slowly away, and the kindly neighbor women left in charge of the house go about softly, putting things in order and speaking in an undertone awed still by the majesty of death, although the one it has claimed has been carried forth. There is still that indefinable something in the deserted rooms that tells of the dread visitor.

Suddenly, the door of an upper room opens and a sweet childish voice says, pleadingly:

"I want my mamma; I'm going to find my mamma."

"No, no, dear," says the nurse, with a suggestion of tears in her voice, while she furtively wipes her eyes; "come with me like a good little girl."

"No, I want my mamma; I haven't seen my own mamma for two, free—oh, most four days. I'm going to find my mamma."

"But, baby, dear mamma isn't—she isn't—here."

"Where is my mamma, then? She is here, too. She's down in her own pitty room. I'm going to hunt for my mamma. Mamma! Oh, mamma! Baby wants you!"

In all the world of sadness and sorrow is there anything more sad, anything more pitiful than the pleading, wondering cry of a little child, too simple to understand the mystery of death and yet dimly comprehending that a change of some kind has taken place? Is there anything that touches the heart more deeply than to answer the pleading pitiful questions: "Where is mamma?" "Why don't she come?" "She has gone away where?" "Won't she kiss me good night any more?" "Can't I go up to heaven and see her?"

The eyes of the little questioner open wide, and there is a perplexed and dissatisfied look on her face saying plainly that she does not understand what you mean by saying that "mamma is gone," that "Good took her," that she is "up in heaven now."

You try tearfully to make it plain to the child and to have her understand that she will see her mamma again "sometime," but again the little voice says with pitiful petulancy, "but I want my mamma now, and I'm going to hunt until I find her."

What a sorrowful, disappointing search it is! It ends in tears and heartache, and it is long before even children understand that mamma will come no more to the little ones calling vainly for her. Everything is full of touches and suggestions of the mother who is gone. There are things that make her seem so real, so near. And so the baby goes hunting for mamma. May all such sorrowful little ones find their best mammas in the heavenly land!

AN English writer has just written a book on "Kissing: Its Curious Bible Mentions." The subject is certainly an old one, but its application is still modern, says a contemporary.

WHY should a quill pen never be taken to write a secret?—Because it is apt to split.

MEN are said to sleep soundest the night before they are hanged. Those troubled with insomnia have now an efficacious though heroic remedy.

A NEW hansom cab has appeared in London; its chief merit is that the front door has been abolished in favor of a back door. It is certainly much easier to enter, and agreeable conversation with the driver will be practicable.

THE
Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.
EDITED BY
MISS MADGE ROBERTSON, M.A.,
AND PUBLISHED BY
THE LADIES' PICTORIAL COMPANY,
To whom all correspondence and remittances should be addressed.
BUSINESS OFFICES AND EDITORIAL ROOMS,
54 CANADA LIFE BUILDING, - - TORONTO, CANADA.

Terms for Canada and the United States, $2.00 per year; single copies, 5 cts; $1.00 extra per year for postage for other countries in the Postal Union.

Advertising, 10 cts. per agate line for each insertion, for display; 25 cts. per line for reading notices.

Special Notice.

All communications of a Business Nature or relating to Competitions must be addressed to the LADIES' PICTORIAL CO., and NOT to the Editor.

Removal.

The business of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY has enlarged to such an extent that we have outgrown our present quarters and have leased, for a term of years, the entire building at No. 192 King St. West, which we will occupy after January 30th, 1892.

Individuality.

There is no such a thing as individuality in popular parlance. If a man goes out of the beaten track in speech, clothes, meals, manners or morals, he does not display individuality. He is a crank. If he goes very far, he is a genius. If he goes so far that a placid satisfaction is felt that he will never get back again, he is clapped into an asylum. So argues the man who keeps on the track. To him no wayside flower of poetry offers any temptation to pause and cull.

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose 't'was to him,
And nothing more."

No shaded by-path of knowledge, with fresh, untrodden grass, allures. The green meadows of science sparkling with the dews of many mornings, do not invite him to explore. Nor does he lie on soft reed-beds and let the music of the streams sink into his soul. No will-o'-the-wisp dancing through hill and vale eludes his eager fingers. He plods on.

Plodding is easier to some than to others. Some men plod because, wishing to make life comfortable, they do not spend it chasing after a star. Others, because there is a stern goal in view. But all plodders join in the same cry of condemnation: "He who is not as other men are is mad."

Perhaps he is, but there's method in his madness. We are all as sheep being led. But the sheep follow a leader who knows what he is about. We do not.

Anybody can lead anybody else. If people followed the bent of their own inclinations; ventured to have a taste peculiar to themselves: dared to wear their coats inside out! Then we would have individuality, not merely of a few strong characters—such will impress the world any way—but of every one important and unimportant. We will have individuality. Why not show it? The Creator made peoples noses different, for some wise purpose—certainly not that we should be led by them.

Are We Going Backwards?

The wholesale admiration one has for the German people in spite of their beer-drinking tendencies is constantly receiving fresh fuel. We have long had to acknowledge them the superiors of other people's in science, music and philosophy, which is to say, in the greater part of human culture, but we have a few compensations. English people can point complacently to a magnificent literature, and we of the other continent of English-speaking people, can say that the Germans have no sense of humor; "but look at us! We are an awfully funny people." A country, however, that can keep up a paper like *Fliegende Blutter*, (you all know the jokes of this capital comic paper; they appear quite frequently on this continent,) is not to be looked down upon on the score of lack of humor.

Every one knows the extent to which the "degeneration of the race" has been mooted in the newspaper world. We are all supposed to be crabs, so far as our progress is concerned. Well a German, Dr. Kaarsberg, with the desire to know the truth of all hings which distinguishes the German student, determined to look into this matter. If, as the pessimists declare, civilization has caused degeneration, then it is to the uncivilized we must go in order to find perfect health, contentment and happiness. Dr. Kaarsberg accordingly went to the land of the Kalmyyki to discover Elysium. What did he find?

There it is alternately scorching hot and freezing cold. "Heaven and earth are united in one blur by clouds of fine dust." Flies and vermin feast on blood. Then comes drenching rain, then dust again, and so on. The Kalmyyki are indolent, brave, clever robbers, faithful servants, moral, good-natured, brutal when aroused, big eaters and strong drinkers. They have no wish to be civilized, and are content to be fossils, and the race is dying out—probably for want of the beneficent influence of civilization.

No doubt Dr. Kaarberg is able, from the Kalmyyki alone, to combat the pessimists theories of the degeneration of the civilized race, but one does not care particularly for that. The world is not going to degenerate, or not degenerate simply because some people say it will or it will not. What is worth noticing, though, is the faithful endeavor of scholars to know the truth at all hazards. It is delightful to hear of a man like Dr. Kaarsberg who betakes himself to the cold and sterile steppes in order that a wrong theory may not find followers. It is not surprising to learn this of a German. They are ever interested in abstractions. But it gives one an added sense of confidence in the world's progress.

Visitors to the Sanctum.

"Who is that you were dancing with, my dear?" asked Lady Millifleurs of her daughter.

"My dear mother, how am I to tell? They all part their hair down the middle and say the same thing," answered the beautiful and accomplished daughter Arethusa Dealtis.

This is said of society young men in London—English young men in fact. Travellers in Canada are unanimous in declaring that society in Toronto is very English.

What do I mean to insinuate?

Oh! nothing.

PEOPLE are always rushing in the Sanctum with the latest story. Barney Riggs slammed the door after him in his anxiety to be ahead of Algernon Booby. "Sit down, Barney," I said, severely, I cannot listen to you just now." Then he guffawed and kept on guffawing. I hurried my work so as to stop him laughing. The immediate consequence of the hurry was that I stuck the mucilage-brush in the ink bottle, and then, looking around for somewhere to dip the pen in, took the mucilage bottle for ink. Barney thought that was very funny, and I told him that if that was his idea of a joke his story would keep. There is no snubbing Barney though, and he proceeded. "I was behind one of the alcoves in the library at the Osgoode Hall ball. (No. I was alone. I was so.) And presently I heard voices in front of me, (no I did not. I stayed there. So would you have.) And there was a girl speaking (she stopped though, occasionally) and she said: (How could I get out when I had ripped my coat up the back?)

"'I love your waltzing, Frank dear. I feel so selfish having all your waltzes to myself.'

"Then he said: 'Dearest,' (I had my ears covered, of course, all the time, but they spoke so loud I couldn't help hearing,) 'who else would I give my waltzes to but you.'

"'But there is Mary T——, poor girl! She has so few partners, and I should like her to have a dance with you, just to see what a waltz really is.' (She did so say that. They're engaged. I know them both. No, I won't tell you who they are.)

"'But I can't give her *one;* I am engaged to you for them all,' he went on.

"'Dear, I might give one up to her, poor thing! I feel so selfish. Yes, I will. Now don't tease, Frank. Let me be unselfish for once.'

"'Very well, dear. What one shall it be?'

"'Say the first extra. (It *was* a waltz now. Who's telling this story?) And you better go and ask her now. Do, Frank.'

"He went.

"I still stayed there. (No, I did not expect to hear any more,) and presently Dick N—— came up.

"'Well, you saved that first extra for me, did you?'

"And she smiled at him, (I looked around the corner and saw, that's how I know,) and said:

"'Yes, Dick, but it was awfully hard work.'"

THE other day, on the way down to the Sanctum, I met a dog whom I knew slightly. I had a mere bowing acquaintance with him, nothing more. And then I knew him only through Moosey. Moosey has a large circle of friends, but most of them he does not consider sufficiently eligible to introduce to me. Occasionally, however, he introduces the more desirable of them. The dog I met belonged to the latter class. So that with Moosey's friends, and the dogs of my friends, and the stray curs I speak to on the street and elsewhere when Moosey is not along, I have a large circle of canine acquaintances. Most of them greet me in a gentlemanly manner with a gallant wag of their tails. But the dog I speak of was very effusive. Now, as I have said, I only met him through Moosey, and it is not as I had known him at a friend's house. So there was nothing to justify his sprawling me out on all four points of the sidewalk. I thought that was altogether too demonstrative for a mere acquaintance.

When I got up I told him so, and remonstrated rather sharply with him. I pointed out that the attitude he had forced me to assume toward him was that of looking up to him, and that considering that I was an editor-in-chief and he was only an everyday poodle, it was not becoming. Neither had the passing pedestrian paid for the amusement he was receiving.

Moosey's friend seemed much cast down. And then, of course, I began to feel like an inhuman wretch. That's the worst of lecturing. No matter how much the offender deserves it, the minute he feels badly then you are in the wrong, someway. Well, anyway, the upshot of it all was that I had to promise to give him a home for all time, and here he is now in the Sanctum. Moosey thinks it is the least I could do for any friend of his. Moosey, I might mention, elected to live with me without invitation or encouragement on my part, and now he thinks he owns me. Of course two dogs are rather in the way. I am always stepping on them and then having to grovel in the dust and apologize. I cannot think of any name for the new poodle. He has signified his willingness to be known by any name.

Somebody help me. Suggest names all of you who write me, or come to see me.

OCCASIONALLY business letters crawl into the Sanctum. Unpleasant remarks ensue, accompanied by blue pencil scorings. The letter then is flung back into business precincts and the Sanctum is once more sacred to the muses. Usually I unconsciously read the letters, from mere force of habit, I suppose. One has had to read a good many letters in a life-time. You dreamily drift through the heading and into the first few sentences before you are really aware of it. Then suddenly a word or phrase startles you, and you hurriedly go back to the first to see what you have been reading. That is what happened me in one epistle obviously meant for the more experienced members the business department. Here is the letter:

"GENTLEMEN,—Your paper, addressed to Mrs. ——, my wife, has failed to reach me for the last two weeks. As my wife left me about three weeks ago without any clue to her whereabouts, I suppose that she changed her address on your mailing list; or, if the paper still goes to this place, she has it taken out."

There was much more in the letter, chiefly to the effect that the writer would like to establish a detective agency through our mailing lists.

While one sympathizes, of course, with the natural desire on the part of the husband to know where his wife is—even if that he may avoid that place—still he ought to let well enough alone. It is quite natural also that in her flight the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY should not be left behind. Her treasures would, of course, accompany her. But we would that our paper should not be regarded as an accomplice. The worst feature, however, is that the bereaved husband is left without both wife and paper. The former, of course, will have to be endured. But the latter—well, we cannot let him suffer. Some way we must manage that he receive copies of it from time to time. Such are some of the tribulations of this life. After a letter like this, I feel as if I could stand ten type-writers and a little imp at my elbow, standing first on one foot and then on the other and waiting for "copy." Well, here, take it.

Madge Robertson

Black Tea and Green.

Mrs. Scidmore, in her "Jinrikisha Days in Japan," says:

The tea plant, as every one knows, is a hardy evergreen of the camellia family. In the spring the young leaves crop out at the ends of the shoots and branches, and when the whole top of the bush is covered with pale, golden green tips, generally in May, the first picking takes place. The choicer qualities of tea are never exported, but consumed at home. The average tea brought by the exporters for shipment to the United States and Canada is of the commonest quality, and, according to Japanese trade statistics, the average value is eleven cents a pound.

For green tea, the leaves are dried over hot fires almost immediately after picking, leaving the *theine* or active principle of the leaf in full strength. For black tea, the leaves are allowed to wilt and ferment in heaps from five to fourteen days, or until the leaf turns red and the harmful properties of the *theine* have been partly destroyed.

Tea which is to be exported is treated to an extra firing, to dry it thoroughly before the voyage, and, at the same time, it is "polished," or coated with indigo, Prussian blue, gypsum and other things, which give it the gray lustre that no dried tea leaf ever naturally wore, but that American tea drinkers insist on having. Before the tea leaves are put in the pans for the second firing, men, whose arms are dyed with indigo to the elbows, go down the lines and dust a little of the powder into each pan. Then the tossing and stirring of the leaves follows, and the dye is worked thoroughly into them. . . . This skilled labor is paid for at rates to make the Knights of Labor groan, the wage-list showing how impossible tea culture is for the United States until protectionist tea drinkers are ready to pay ten dollars a pound for the commonest grades. During the four busy months of the tea season the firers are paid the equivalent of eleven and four-tenth cents, United States gold, for a day's work of thirteen hours. Less expert hands, who give the second firing, or polishing, receive nine and six-tenth cents a day. Those who sort and finally pack the tea and who work as rapidly and automatically as machines, get the immense sum of fifteen cents. . . . Each year the United States pays over $7,000,000 for the nerve-racking green tea of Japan.

Why They Twinkle.

—o—

When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another.

To cheat the cunning tempter's art
And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by day,
The stars from eve to morning.

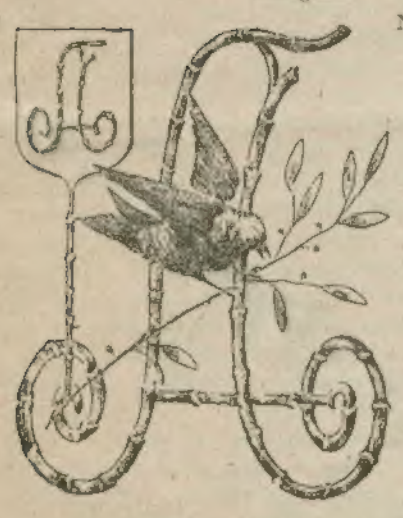
Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discovers—
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
The lips of lying lovers—

They try to shut their saddening eyes
And in the vain endeavor
We see them twinkling in the skies,
And so they wink forever.

Eden Bower.

—o—



"AND so they were married and lived happily ever after," as the story books say. They were married, certainly, but their "happy ever after" was exceedingly doubtful.

Over a year ago, when Madge Wilton and Dr. Robert Rogers became man and wife, every one said that they were just suited to each other. The gray-haired rector, who had known them both from childhood, said that he had never joined in the holy bonds of matrimony a handsomer, happier, more promising young couple than they appeared to be.

Dr. Rogers had already established a lucrative practice in the little town to which he took his bride. And Madge's father had presented them with the loveliest little home imaginable, which was soon christened Eden Bower, because it was so pretty and picturesque, with its verandas and bow windows, and terraces and flowers, and vine clad arbors, all so tastefully and beautifully arranged, and also because its inhabitants were so happy and fond of each other.

But what was the matter with the young wife to-day? Had the snake entered Eden again? Had that wily serpent which brought woe to our first mother, and doomed her descendants to toil and misery, been pouring its poisonous knowledge into her heart?

She was sitting on the veranda, with an open book lying idly on her lap, while the once happy, sparkling eyes looked sad and clouded. There was a sensitive look about the warm red mouth, as though the emotions were very near the surface, and might break forth at any moment.

She did not move as she heard a quick step on the walk, but the tell-tale color flushed the cheeks that were a little too pale a moment before.

"I came for my light suit," said her husband, as he mounted the steps. "It has grown idsufferably warm."

"Can I assist you?" she asked, rising.

"No, no! Go on with your book," he answered carelessly, either not noticing or not heeding his wife's tone of excessive politeness.

She sank back in her chair as he entered the house, and sat mutely gazing at space till he emerged again.

"You need not wait tea for me, I may be called out late," he said, kissing his hand to her as he sprang into his buggy and drove away.

Madge rose from her chair and walked restlessly back and forth.

"What is the matter?" she murmured to herself. "Why is Robert so careless and indifferent to me of late? He could not be so changed if he did not think of some one else. I'd rather know the worst, and face it, than suffer day by day with vague suspicions."

She went into the little parlor, where he and she had spent so many happy hours together with their books and music.

"Romance and love are not all in novels; we are getting a fair share of it," he had said, drawing her toward him one day, when he had finished reading aloud a very affecting little story.

She thought of this now, and went to the piano and tried to play away her sad feelings. But she could not exorcise the evil spirit, and arose once more and wandered restlessly into their bed-room.

"How odd for Robert to be so careless!" she murmured, taking his coat from the bed where he had thrown it.

A note dropped from a pocket. See picked it up. It was not in an envelope, and the words "Doctor, come this afternoon," met her eye.

In her ordinary state of mind she would have replaced the note and thought no more about it; but the feminine hand writing, added to her own harassing doubts, made it impossible for her to resist reading its contents.

"DEAR DOCTOR,—Come this afternoon, Aunt is no better, and it is so lovely for a boat ride.

"UNA OWENS."

"Una Owens!" The name repeated itself over and over in her mind. "Una Owens—Una Owens," she murmured, crushing the note in her hand.

Oh, yes, she knew who she was: it was all explained now. She remembered seeing her driving out with old Mrs. Owens, a childless widow, a miserly old invalid, and the wealthiest patient her husband had.

"What a beautiful face!" she had involuntarily exclaimed to the doctor when she first saw her.

"I didn't think women ever admired each other," he had answered carelessly, and they were soon absorbed in another subject.

How well she remembered that face now, brief as was the glimpse she had had of it! So this was the woman who had taken her husband away from her!

"It cannot be!" she cried, her eyes wide and tearless, her face white and drawn with pain. "It cannot be—there is some mistake. I would sooner think myself mad than believe him false. Oh, no, no! I must be dreaming—mad—anything but that!"

She buried her face in her hands for several moments, but no sobs convulsed the slight, rounded figure.

"I'll go," she suddenly exclaimed. "I'll go to the river bank I'll see for myself—and then—God help me, the water will be so near!"

Dr. Rogers drove up to the old fashioned, suburban residence of Mrs. Matilda Owens. A maid servant met him at the door, and without a word conducted him, who was such a frequent visitor, to her mistress' rooms.

"How are you feeling to-day?" he asked genially, addressing a hollow-eyed, cadaverous-faced old lady, who was reclining in an invalid's chair before a cheery south window.

"Well, doctor, it's them cramps again. It seems like nothing don't do me no good, and Una is so mean and careles. I'll cut her off with a shilling if she don't do better."

"Indeed! Has Miss Una deserted you?"

"Of course she has—said she had a headache, just to get off and read a book! I know her! Little she cares for my cramps, but much she cares for my dollars!"

"This will soon relieve you, I think. You need both internal and external treatment," the doctor said, making a sly grimace as he prescribed some powders and a box of ointment. "Pity we can't doctor the disposition as well as the body," he thought.

"You are wanted upstairs," said a servant, as the young physician quitted the room of his patient.

"Is some one ill?"

"Miss Una sent for you."

He followed her till she opened a door and then stepped back and let him enter alone.

The room was tastefully, but not luxuriously furnished. Reclining on a divan, with a rose-colored silk shawl half revealing, hal concealing her white shoulders, which her low-cut dress left bare was a very beautiful woman. Her beauty did not consist so much in the regularity of her features, as in the life, color and tone of her whole countenance and person. Her hair was dark and glossy; her lips were full-curved and red; her eyes dark and bright as they looked out from long-lashed, drooping lids. One arm was thrown over her head, the half sleeve falling back and revealing its roundness. A slippered toe peeped from under the soft folds of her white dress.

Whether her pose was accidental or designed, she certainly presented a very beautiful and fascinating picture.

"Are you ill?" asked Dr. Rogers, seating himself on a chair near her.

"I have a dreadful headache."

"Let me count your pulse."

She extended a soft, warm arm.

"Now I don't want you to prescribe any nasty medicine. A boat ride will cure me, and I promised aunt to go out to the little island and get her those books, you know. You will go?" she said, turning her head so that her breath fanned his cheek, and her fascinating eyes looked into his own.

He hesitated; a shade of anxiety passed over his face. He had necessarily met this woman often while attending her aunt. He had many times lingered in the hall or yard to enjoy her society. He had grown to look for her when he came, and thought of her a great deal more than he should have done when he was away from her. She had cast a spell over him something like enchantment, and reason with himself as he might, he had been unable to dissolve it. But he had never yet compromised himself by word or look.

Twice he essayed to say no; twice his lips refused to form the syllable. She saw him waver.

"Just for an hour!" she pleaded.

"As you like," he said, the color coming back to his face, which was rather pale before.

A little later they had reached the old boat-house, and embarked in a shell of a boat, with an old, half-deaf boatman to help row.

The water was as smooth as glass. Una carried a pink-lined, lace-trimmed parasol that shed a rosy tint over her face.

It was a lovely day, and she was a lovely woman, and she sang lovely little songs of love. And the doctor thought of love, and I'm afraid he looked love in her eyes, but he said never a word. Not that the old boatman could hear him, but his lips refused to be disloyal to his wife. Let his eyes be as unprincipled as they might and tell their amorous tales, called forth by the voluptuous beauty of the woman and the fitness of the place and circumstances, his tongue was true. And so they floated on.

"You ask me why I love you
I cannot, cannot tell;
I, too, have often wondered
Why I love you so well;
But, spite of all my efforts,
I find no reason true.
I only know I worship
Whate'er it is that's you."

The song rang out clear and sweet. Her voice was a pure soprano, well cultivated; so well cultivated that it suggested the professional singer.

The last tones of her voice had just died away.

"Squall coming on!" said the old boatman, the first words he had vouchsafed.

The doctor started as from a trance. A dark, low-lying cloud was approaching, and at that moment obscured the sun. The air was intensely still. He seized an oar and began pulling away for dear life. His wife—his wife! What if he should never see her again! The fear shot through his heart like an arrow.

He looked at the cowering woman before him, but her power to charm was gone; the spell was broken. The sudden danger made him himself again.

Oh, if he could undo this last hour! Why had he been so weak and foolish? Would Madge ever forgive him?

And where was Madge? She had snatched her hat and started for the village boat-house. She did not walk fast, but proceeded with a quietness and deliberation born of calm despair.

When she arrived at her destination she did not see the old keeper of the boat house. A half-grown, uncouth-looking youth was the only creature in sight.

"Who went in that?" she said, pointing to a boat that was slowly disappearing around a curve in the river.

"Dr. Rogers and a lady."

She said no more, but stood gazing at the boat as it disappeared from view. She remained there some time, still looking seaward. It seemed as if her whole life, especially the last year of it, came up before her like a picture. And what a pretty picture it was! How happy she had been! It seemed ages ago now, and she felt like some other person, some old, troubled woman looking back on the life of her happy youth. She remembered how young she really was, and thought with horror of the long life before her.

"I cannot bear it!" she muttered. "And the water is so near?"

She began to grow weak; her lips trembled. There was a little boat moored to the shore just beside her. She started toward it, reached the water's edge, and knew no more-

* * * * * * * * * * *

The wind was blowing a gale; the rain fell in torrents. Three very wet and dismal looking figures emerged from a boat that had just arrived half full of water.

"Come into the boat-house till I can get a conveyance to take you home," said Dr. Rogers to his dripping companion. "Hard is the way of the transgressor," he muttered to himself as he turned away.

Some one touched him on the shoulder.

"Want you right away. There's been an accident."

"Where is it?"

"This way; the next house. We're afraid the lady's drowned."

He followed without delay.

"How did it happen?" he inquired.

"She came down here just as your boat was going out of sight and asked me who was in it. I told her you and some lady, and then she stood and looked over the river a long time, and before I knew it she walked right off the bank."

A horrible fear seized him. He pushed past the youth, entered the house, and made his way to the patient's room he knew not how.

"Oh, God, have mercy!" he exclaimed, as he saw the white face of his wife.

A number of persons were in the room, and kind hands administered to her; but her face looked set and lifeless.

For a moment he felt paralyzed; all his professional coolness deserted him in the face of his own personal distress. At last, with an effort, he drew himself together and conquered his emotion sufficiently to begin the usual method of restoration.

They rolled her in blankets, and administered all the remedies known to the medical profession. Ever and anon the doctor called her name and groaned in agony of soul.

"Spare her—spare her! I know I am unworthy, but I will atone!" he kept muttering to himself.

At last Madge became conscious. She opened he eyes and gazed wonderingly around her.

"What is the matter?"

"You have been very ill, dear, that is all."

"And I had such a dreadful dream, too. I can't remember it all now," with a troubled look.

"There—don't think of it. You need rest; take this," he said giving her a sleeping draught.

She obeyed him like a docile child. All night long the repentant husband watched beside his wife and prayed and wrestled with remorse. As dawn approached he slept, his face against her pillow.

He was awakened by a soft hand laid across his brow. His wife was looking at him, perfectly conscious.

"My darling, what does all this mean?" she said.

"It means that God has spared you to me. It means that I have been tempted, and almost fallen, and if you had died the punishment would have been greater than I could bear. Can you forgive me, Madge?"

"Yes, freely, my husband!"

After that Miss Una Owens went back to the city and accepted an engagement at the theatre where she had formerly been employed.

She had left the stage a few months before to nurse her widowed aunt, from whom she hoped to inherit a fortune; but the life was so dull, and her aunt so quarrelsome after the doctor withdrew his attentions, that she gave it up in disgust, and sought more congenial employment.

And Eden Bower became Eden Bower once more, and the serpent never entered it again.

Literature.

"The world of books is still the world I write."—MRS. BROWNING.

"As the Cardinal Flower," a collection of poems by Miss Cora A. Watson is aptly named. The author's tender love for flowers, the sympathy for "sweet dewy blossoms," is shown everywhere in the little volume. Much feeling is evinced in the love songs, in the songs of home, in the sonnets to brother poets. Miss Watson's power of word painting, is of happy epithets, of dainty phrases shows a true poetic nature. Her book is worthy of a high place in literature.

CURRENT HISTORY, which is published by the Evening News Association, Detroit, is a most useful quarterly. From every corner of the globe is gathered the wheat and chaff of every nation's doings. All political and social events of importance in the world are here recorded together with thonghtful articles bearing thereupon. It is suitably and artistically illlustrated, well edited and conveniently arranged, the different departments such as record of progress, necrology, add to the accounts of affairs of all quarters of the earth, which is the body of the magazine.

MRS. HODGSON BURNETT was ill-advised in bringing out her play, "The Showman's Daughter," and still more imprudent in taking the Royalty Theatre in order to bring it out,' says G. W. S. The piece is old-fashioned, thin and wearisome, with few of those traits which have made her books acceptable to the English public.

A WRITER in an English periodical thinks that he has discovered the reason for Carlyle's devotion to Lady Ashburton. Mrs. Carlyle, he says, told him that Lady Ashburton treated her husband 'with anything but the respect which he was in the habit of receiving.' This, the writer thinks, made him stand in awe of her, and with Carlyle awe was akin to admiration. Now this may be the true explanation; but I cannot see why it should be, for certainly Carlyle was not in the habit of receiving very great deference from his wife. The sensation of being commanded was not new to him. His wife no doubt respected him, but if biography is to be relied upon, she spoke pretty sharply to him at times. Mr. Froude agrees with Mrs. Carlyle, in the matter of Lady A.; for he speaks of the 'peremptory' style of her ladyship's notes to the philosopher, which were 'rather like the commands of a sovereign than the easy communications of friendship.'

MISS GENTRY, the holder of the Fellowship in Mathematics of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, has forced open the doors of the University of Berlin, and has even been promised official recognition of her work.

THE multitude of verses that have bloomed out this season on the reviewers' table, almost suggest the idea that the poets are like milliners, and have their own spring openings. Mr. Henry Austin's "Vagabond Verses," are well drawn, but sketchy like the production of an artist who lacks no vigor, but who stops not long enough to give the necessary detail. Then there is James Whitcomb Riley, our Hoosier poet, who evokes love rather than admiration, which they say is the safer course for a poet. It is a homely style of viewing nature that he has, but it goes straight to the heart nevertheless. He deals in actuality rather than ideality, and it is so simple that a child only might be supposed to read it. But "grown ups" read what is addressed to children now-a-days as well as the little ones themselves. Mr. Eugene Field's (the Chicago journalist) book of Western Verse adds but another proof to the saying of Daudet that the journalist is poet, and novelist in embryo.

NO author, during the past ten years, has made more money out of the sales of a single book than has Lew Wallace received from the famous Oriental tale, "Ben Hur." More than four hunderd and seventy thousand copies of the popular edition of the book have been sold up to date. The author receives a royalty of fifteen per cent., and as the book sells for one dollar and fifty cents, each copy sold means to him twenty-two and one-half cents. It is easy to figure out, therefore, that Lew Wallace has made considerably over one hundred thousand dollars from this single book.

THOSE who complain of the small returns for pubishing work are invited to consider the fact that the royalties netted on Moody and Sankey's "Gospel Hymns" amount to the enormous sum of $1,250,000. A million and a quarter of dollars! Is it not amazing when we think of the writers of immortal books and poems—Burns, for example—in doubt as to the next meal? However, he who supplies a public need has a right to his profit, and no one can quarrel with the worthy and energetic evangelists who compiled the volume, or their far sight publishers, for their wonderful success.

A South African traveller who took a ten-mile tramp with Olive Shreiner, whose "Dreams" every woman dotes on, describes her as an animated conversationalist and a woman of intense philanthropic sympathy, her naturalism unspoiled by literary study and her affability unchecked by success. Her "Story of a South American Farm" was written when she was but eighteen years old.

SOME little time ago a writer sent an article to a magazine with the following explanatory note: "I know that you probably have several thousand articles on hand, many of them by well-known writers, while I am entirely unknown. But I venture to hope that you will look at my article at once, first, because it is on a fresh topic, and is concisely put; secondly because it is not folded, but sent to you between two pieces of pasteboard; and thirdly, because it is typewritten." The article was promply accepted, and appeared in two months.

FORTY-THREE years ago Andrew Carnegie was a messenger boy in Pittsburg. "Slow but sure" was his motto, and in about 30 years he reached his goal, Clung Castle, Scotland.

SIR Edwin Arnold says that "the most moral people in England are the swells." But it should he remembered that Sir Edwin said a little while ago to a St. Louis reporter that "newspaper work is not conducive to accuracy."

JULES Verne's wonderful tales, in which science and fancy go shares with him, are written in a little observatory on the top of his house at Amiens.

A writer to the *Critic* says: Woman has been developed intellectuatly, as all acknowledge, later than man. The reason is simple: During the period of physical despotism this influence carried with it mental despotism as well, and the more finely organized sex inevitably yielded to the coarser. Over the greater part of the globe to the present day women cannot read and write. It was only in the time of George IV. that there was abandoned, even in England, the old law of 'Benefit of Clergy,' which exempted from civil punishment those who could read or write—the assumption being that no woman could read or write, and therefore that no woman should have the benefit of clergy. A hundred years ago, in our own country, we know by the letters of Abigail Adams that the education of women in the most favored families went little beyond reading and writing. All this is now swept away; but the tradition that lay behind it, 'The Shadow of the Harem' as it has been called, is not swept away—the tradition that it is the duty of women to efface herself. Mlle. de Scudery wrote half the novels that bore her brother's name, and he used to lock her up in her room to keep her at it; yet he drew his sword on a friend who had doubted his claim to have written them all. Nobody now doubts that Fanny Mendelssohn wrote many of the 'Songs without Words.' under her brother's name, but she was suppressed by the whole family the moment she proposed to publish any music as her own. Lord Houghton learned in Germany that a great part of Neander's 'Church History' was written by his sister, but the cyclopædias do not include her name. On the whole it is better to wait a few centuries before denying lyric genius to the successors of Sappho and music to the sisters of Fanny Mendelssohn.

Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill.

The marriage of Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill to Mr. Gordon Wilson was a very brilliant affair. The bride is the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Marlborounh, and is consequently Lord Randolph Churchill's sister, who cabled his congratulations from South Africa. Mr. Wilson is the son of Sir Samuel Wilson, of Hughenden. Sir Samuel was popularly known in Victoria, where he made his large fortune in sheep-farming, as "Sir Salmon," from his more or less successful attempts to acclimatise that fish in Australian rivers. He was a generous benefactor of the Melbourne University, and upon the death of Lord Beaconsfield took over the lease of Hughenden. Sir Samuel, who is a good Conservative, has been a large contributor to the party funds, and has represented Portsmouth since 1886. Was not Mr. Gordon Wilson, by the way, among the Eton Boys who seized the poor lunatic Maclean, when he fired at the Queen several years ago?

UNLUCKY PERSONS.—There are in the world many persons who consider themselves, and who are considered by others, to be "unlucky;" that is, who are unfortunate in almost all their undertakings. My readers have doubtless asked themselves the question, Why is it that some people are always unlucky?—always in trouble of one sort or another? There can be but one answer to this question: Such persons are lacking in some department of their organization; there is either a mental deficiency or a moral incapacity, or as it often occurs, great physical weakness of some part of the body, which always culminates just in time to thwart all the well laid plans for success. But whatever may be the failing, it may be taken for granted that where "ill luck," as it is termed, follows one through a life-time, the ill luck is caused by being ill constituted.

Cardinal Manning.

It is a strange coincidence that the future head of the Church of England, and the actual head of the Roman Catholic Church in England, should have died within a hour of each other—the one, a youth of negative qualities. who had never done anything to make himself respected by the people over whom he was born to rule, and was not regarded with any personal affection by them; the other, an old man of positive qualities, whom English Protestants as well as Catholics respectnd in the highest degree, the record of whose life was filled with noble work, but who never made himself a "popular man" in the ordinary sense. Cardinal Manning, ever busy in doing good among the pooor and persecuted, gained their regard, admiration, and thanks, but never their love. He was by nature intended to be what his witty brother.in-law, "Soapy Sam," dubbed him, the "Apostle of the Genteels"; but he elected to preach rather among the outcast poor than among the noble rich.

Justin McCarty once wrote of him: "An Englishman of Englishmen, with no drop of Irish blood in his veins, he is more Hibernian than the Hibernians themselves in his sympathies with Ireland. A man of social position, of old family, of the highest education, and the most refined instincts, he would leave the Catholic noblemen at any time to go down to the Irish teetotallers at the East End of London. He firmly believes that the salvation of England is yet to be accomplished through the influence of that religious devotion which is at the bottom of the Irish nature—and which some of us call superstition. He loves his own country dearly, but turns away from her present condition of industrial prosperity to the days before the Reformation, when yet saints trod the English soil: 'In England there has been no saint since the Reformation,' he said, the other day, in sad, sweet tones, to one of wholly different opinions who listened with a mingling of amazement and reverence. No views, that I have ever heard put into living words, embodied to anything like the same extent the full claims and pretensions of ultrmontanism. It is quite wonderful to sit and listen; one cannot but be impressed withthe sweetness, the thoughtfulness, the dignity—I had almost said the sanctity—of the man who thus pours fourth, with a manner full of the most tranquil conviction, opinions which proclaim all progress a failure, and glorify the Roman priest or the Irish peasant as the true herald and repository of light liberty, and regenaration to a sinking and degraded world."

To quote again from Justin McCarthy:

"A more singular, striking, marvellous figure does not stand out, I think, in our English society. Everything that an ordinary Englishman or an American would regard as admirable or auspicious in the progress of our civilization, Dr. Manning calmly looks down upon as lamentable and evil-omened. What we call progress is to his mind decay. What we call light is to him darkness. What we reverence as individual liberty is to him spiritual slavery. The mere fact that a man gives reasons for his faith seems shocking to this strangely gifted apostle of unconditional belief. Though you were to accept an hundred times ninety-nine of the decrees of Rome, you would still be in his mind a heretic if you paused as to the acceptance of the hundredeth."

Cardinal Manning once wrote—it is one of the most beautiful passages he ever penned, and shows what his faith in his Church was:

"My love for England begins with the England of St. Bede. Saxon England, with all its tumults, seems to me saintly and beautiful. Norman England I have always loved less, because, although majestic, it became continually less Catholic, until the evil spirit of the world broke off the light yoke of faith at the so-called Reformation. Still I loved the Christian England which survived, and all the lingering outlines of dioceses and parishes, cathedrals and churches, with the names of saints upon them. It is this vision of the past which still hovers over England and makes it beautiful and full of the memories of the Kingdom of God. Nay, I love the parish church of my childhood, the college chapel of my youth, and the little church under the green hill-side where the morning and evening prayers, and the music of the English Bible, for seventeen years became a part of my soul. Nothing is more beautiful in the natural order, and if there were no eternal world I could have made it my home."

Henry Edward Manning was born on July 15th, 1808. His father was a wealthy London merchant of good family, a member of Parliament, and governor of the Bank of England. Henry Manning was educated at Harrow, where he was famous as a cricketer. He was in the eleven, and played in the annual match against Eton. He was very fond of shooting, riding, boating, and athletic sports generally, and was a very mischievous youth. He lately recounted to a correspondent the following prank in which he was engaged in company with Christopher Wordsworth, late Bishop of Lincoln, and Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrew's. The three future Churchmen were playfellows, and entered into a conspiracy to loot the Manning vinery. They did it, too, entering through the roof, and eating all the grapes.

"There were no grapes for dinner that day," said the cardinal, with a twinkle in his eye, "and I believe this is the only case on record where three future bishops were guilty of larceny. We escaped punishment, too, by frank confession and expressions of deep penitence."

After leaving Harrow, Henry Manning went to famous Balliol College, Oxford, which was founded in the thirteenth century, and of which John Wyclif, the Reformer, was once the master. He graduated in first-class honors in 1830, and became a fellow of Merton. He was appointed Rector of Lavington, in Sussex, a charming little village close to the celebrated Goodwood race-course. Soon afterward he married the youngest Miss Serjeant, a very beautiful girl, and one of the co-heiresses of the Lavington property. Two of her sisters had already married Samuel Wilberforce, afterward Bishop of Oxford, and generally known as "Soapy Sam," and his brother, Henry Wilberforce. Mrs. Manning survived her marriage but a few months. Her death deeply affected the rector of Lavington, strengthened the spiritualism of his nature, and turned his thoughts more than ever to the unseen world. Many years afterward, when he had become Archbishop of Westminister, one of the canons of the Pro-Cathedral at Kensington, London, sarcastically remarked that the greatest blow the Catholic Church had received in this century was the death of Mrs. Manning. Had she lived it would, of course, have been impossible for Manning to take orders in the Roman Catholic Church.

At the early age of thirty-two he became Archdeacon of Chichester, the county town of Sussex, and a few miles away from Lavington. While he was occupying this position he published his "Parochial Sermons," which show how deep the effect of his wife's death had been upon his sensitive nature.

In the Tractarian movement Manning played a considerable part, but he did not join the Roman Catholic Church till many years after Newman had seceded from the faith they had both been brought up in. Indeed, while Newman was in retirement at Littlemore preparing for his reception into Catholicism, Archdeacon Manning preached a most violent sermon before the University of Oxford against the Roman Catholic religion. It was on the anniversary of the discovery of Gunpowder Plot, and in those days a special service was held to celebrate it. A day or two afterward Manning walked out to Littlemore to call upon Newman. But the report of the anti-Popery sermon had preceded its preacher, and Newman declined to see him. The message was conveyed to Manning by a young man connected with tde quasi-monastic society which Newman had started. He was so anxious to cover the slight that he walked bareheaded with the archdeacon half-way back to Oxford, unaware, as his companion was, of his unprotected state under a chill November sky. That young man was J. A. Froude.

In 1848 there arose the great Gorham case, which agitated the whole Protestant world. The Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Phillpotts) refused to institute the Rev. George Gorham to a vicarage on his presentation thereto by the Lord Chancellor. His ground for doing so was that, upon examination, he had found Mr. Gorham to be of unsound doctrine as to the efficacy of the sacrament of baptism. The case was tried before the Arches Court of Canterbury, which decided that baptismal regeneration, which Mr. Gorham denied, was the doctrine of the Church of England. Mr. Gorham appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which decided that the judgement of the Arches Court should be reversed, and he was eventually instituted to his living. Archdeacon Manning immediately shook from his feet the dust of the Church of England, from which he had for many years been unconsiously drifting. When he discovered that it was a church founded on the right of private judgment he was appalled, and turned away from it. He was horrified to discover that it was practically the State and not the Church which decided in England whether certain doctrines taught by the clergy were heretical or not, especially as the law lords who made the decision might be ungodly men, like Lord Chancellor Westbury, who "dismissed hell, with costs," and took away from the English Protestant "his last hope of damnation." Manning strove hard to bring about a solemn protest from the Church of England, but his efforts met with little support. The Bishop of London introduced a bill into the House of Lords for the purpose of enacting that in questions of doctrine, as distinct from questions of mere law, the final decision should rest with the prelates. But the Lords would have none of it, and Archdeacon Manning who had attended the debate returned home almost decided that as he had told us himself: "To those who believed that God has established upon the earth a divine and, therefore, an unerring guardian and teacher of his faith, this event demonstrated that the Church of England could not be that guardian and teacher."

AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

After the short retirement—inevitable on his change of faith—preparatory to his taking orders in his newly adopted Church, his rise was rapid. Like Newman, he founded a congregation—that of the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo. In 1865 Monsignor Manning was created Archbishop of Westminster, and ten years later he was created a cardinal. He had become the Roman of the Romans—Ultramontane of the Ultramontanes.

No man was ever so much before the public in England as was Manning after he became Archbishop of Westminster. There was not a philanthropic work in which he could consistently co-operate wherein he was notan active worker. Conspicuous above all was the aid he gave to total abstinence societies—bothwithin and without his Church.

He once said: "England sober is England happy and contented. If we could make the English workman a total abstainer, we could settle the most serious of the social problems that confront us now. I have worked toward this end for very many years, and with some success. But it is a fight against odds. The drunkenness, and the misery growing out of it, here in London make my heart sick at times. But the Catholic Church is against the traffic in rum,and will continue to be, and time will tell many things. Here in London our priests are preaching total abstinence all the time, and to considerable effect. I am glad to notice the strength of the same movement in America."

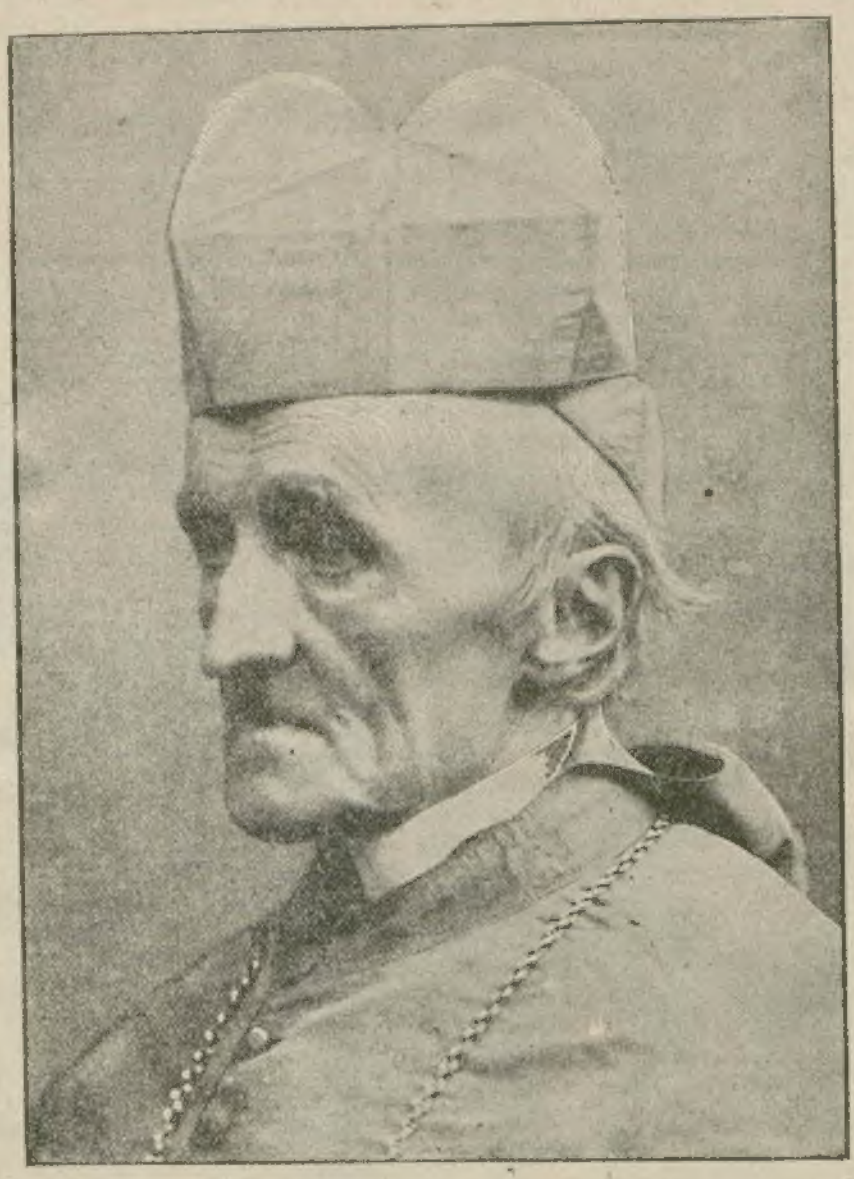
Cardinal Manning was a man of about six feet three inches in height. His hair was very scant when he died, and what there was of it was as white as snow. His figure was thin and bent. His face was long, thin, powerful, with intellect marked in every line and wrinkle. In the contoue of the jaw and chin there were those marks of decision and strength of character that stamp the leader of men.

The late cardinal was very fond of Americans, and was well informed upon American affairs.

A Spoiled Child.

"English children are so much more childish than ours," said an American mother once. "I wonder why it is."

It is undoubtedly because they are kept in thenursery and do not come into prominence at so early an age as ours do. The other day in a hotel rotunda stood a round eyed darling with her short, golden hair fluffed around her winsome face; her short waisted, long skirted frock added to her picturesque appearance. Almost all the men passing by stoppep to speak to her. She was

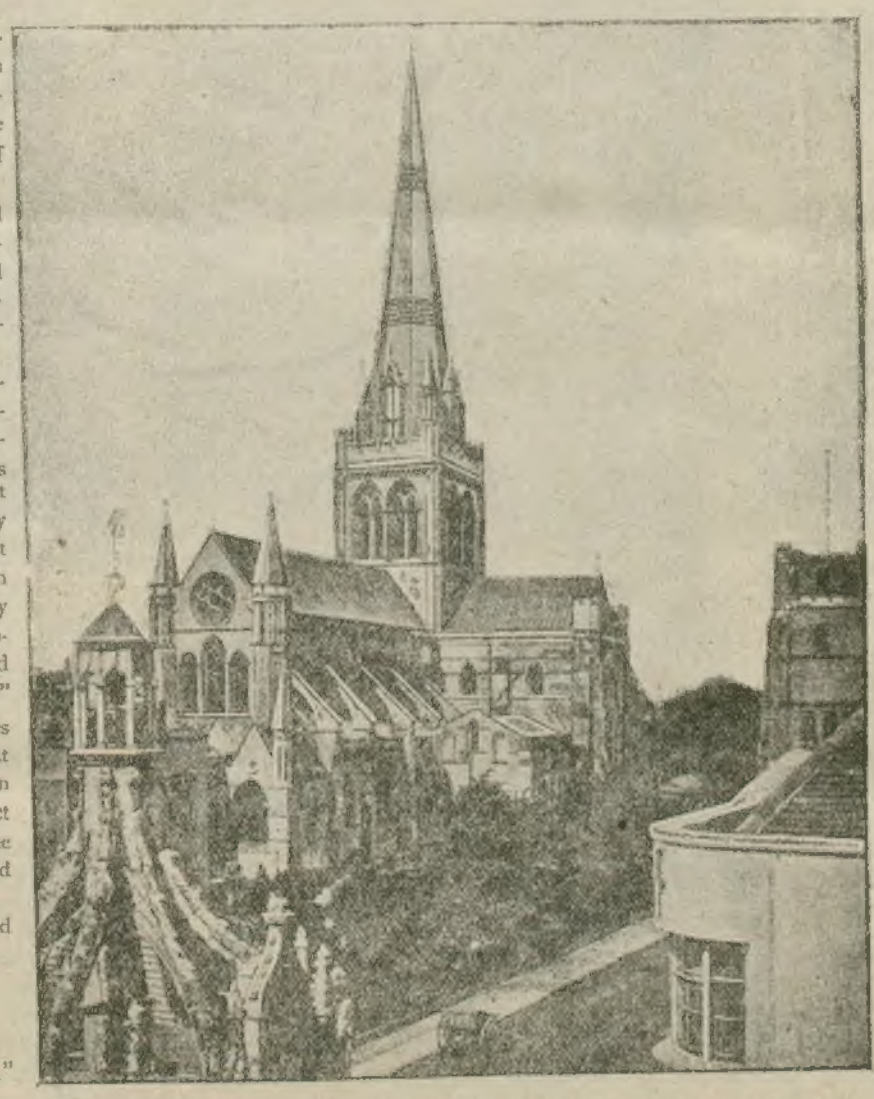


THE LATE CARDIN L MANNING.

the delighted recipient of nickels, cards and bonbons, while she coquetted with all the airs of a society girl. My for heart ached, she was getting all the sweet, downy freshness of childhood rubbed off so early

Her father, standing near, encouraged her and laughed at her naive questions and replies. By and by the white capped nurse came on the scene and bore her child away; and she, loath to leave the scene of her conquests, made her exit, biting, kicking and scratching her nurse, while the men laughed heartily at this edifying speetacle.

There are some wise mothers who discourage and endeavor to suppress this precocity, but they are lamentably few in number.



CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL, OF WHICH CARDINAL MANNING WAS ARCHDEACON.

Women of the South.

Anyone who has met the Southern woman in the North knows she is an example to Northern women in her conduct of business matters, writes Helen Watterson in the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. There are in New York probably as cosmopolitan a set of working-women to-day as can be found in any quarter of the globe drawing breath and salaries. You will find a western woman often working for less than she is worth. Sometimes it is because she really doesn't know what she's worth, and sometimes because she doesn't care what she's worth. Not so with the eastern girl. To settle a business matter with her is quite another thing. She seems to regard the money part of it as an incident, an afterthought. She insists in treating with a fine contempt, and speaks of it as "compensation," until a man feels that he has been guilty of indelicacy in mentioning it. And it is affectation so much as a kind of inbred nonsense that business life has not taken out of her yet.

But the Southern woman, bless you! there isn't a bit of nonsense about her. She's the furthest seeing, the shrewdest, the best match to man in business matters of any woman you can find. With the offer of her services comes the sum of money she expects for it. While the employer haws and hedges—as he is sure to do—she hums "Dixie" and looks out of the window. She knows he'll take her terms, and she means to give him full return for what she gets. Then when all is arranged she insists on having a good stout contract made. Then she goes to work with a calm heart. It is by no means to be inferred from this that the Southern woman is a grasping creature. Not in the least. She's generous to a fault in the use of her money. The strangest part of it all is unusual business instinct should be found imbedded in such sentiment as you find in the southern women. The western woman isn't sentimental at all; the eastern woman is only contemplative

AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-SIX.

and reflective; the southern woman, with all her experience and shrewdness in money matter, hasn't lost a bit of the deliciously romantic charm that characterized her before the war. She works royally, but she never for a instant relinquishes her belief that no woman ought to work. She still looks up to a man as a god-likeand superior creature, and never accepts the fact that a woman should ride in anything but her own carriage, go out after dark without an escort, or open the door for herself.

And it's a good belief. It isn't comfortable for her always, because she finds things so at variance with it, but it's good for men to feel that somebody still insists upon and expects from them all things that are gentle and unselfish.

CRAMPS IN THE LEG.—Many persons of both sexes are greatly troubled with cramps in one or both their legs. It comes on suddenly, and is very severe. Most people jump out of bed (it nearly always comes on either just after going to bed, or while undressing) and ask some one to rub the leg. I have known it to last for hours, till in despair they would send for the family physician; and even then it would be hours before the spasm would let up.

There is nothing easier than to make the spasm let go its hold, and it can be accomplished without sending for a doctor, who may be tired and in need of a night's rest. When I have a patient who is subject to cramps, I always advise him to provide himself with a good strong cord. A long garter will do if nothing else is handy. Whem the cramp comes on, take the cord, wind it around the leg over the place that is cramped, and take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull,—one that will hurt a little. Instantly the cramp will let up, and the sufferer can go to bed assured it will not come on again that night.

MRS. AMELIE RIVES-CHANLER'S letters are characteristic of herself—charming and interesting. Cream color was her favorite tint for her writing paper when she was Amelie Rives. In place of a seal her initials, "A. R." were written in an artistic way and joined together in a queer and original fashion. As Mrs. Chanler, delicate dove-colored paper seems to have superseded the former creamery tint, and the title, unique "A. R." has been converted in a seal which, is placed at the letterhead and on the envelope, in perfect reproduction of ber own writing. Her name is signed to her letters, "Cordially yours, Amelie Chanler."

Fashions.

"It is not only what suits us, but to what we are suited."—Le Philosophe Sous Les Toits.

Address letters relating to this department to Editor "Fashions" Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.

A Dainty Evening Dress.

A dainty evening dress of Mechlin net over satin, in all shades, with pretty ruche round the foot, composed of satin net and silver tinsel.

A DAINTY EVENING DRESS.

Tea-Gowns.

Gray and pale yellow is an artistic combination, and is equally so for an evening dress or a tea-gown. A tea-gown which was a charm in silver-gray and primrose, recently emanated from the workroom of the renowned Felix; the entire gown was a golden yellow silk, and lightly veiling the entire dress was a film of pale gray chiffon, which had an indescribably happy effect, reminding one of the sun struggling through an evening mist; the lines of the gown were loose and flowing, and it was confined at the waist with a girdle of Norwegian silver, the neck being finished with an open collar of gray marabout, which also peeped out at the foot.

The negligé gown for home wear is well nigh as dressy an affair as the full dress toilettes. Greek fronts of embroidered crepe de chine, combined with plain crepe or India silk, are best fitted for this purpose, as the clinging material is well adapted to follow the graceful lines of the classic toilet.

Turkish tunics have quite a vogue at present; they are fashioned from crepon silk or crepe, in rich Oriental patterns, and are long, shapeless affairs, with but little attempt at fit, and are decollete and sleeveless; beneath is worn a blouse of Calcutta gauze or thin silk, with very wide and full sleeves tight at the wrist; a girdle of Turkish spangled gauze cinctures the waist, and about the throat is a necklet of Turkish sequins, falling from a band studded with turquoise.

A model jacket, which is likely to be very popular, is in tabac-colored faced cloth, braided with black, and made with a peculiar style of thick collar almost like a waistbelt. The side pockets are stitched on upwards, giving a decidedly novel appearance to the coat.

Sable yokes are being introduced into some of the newest cloth driving cloaks, and are carried often down to the waist, back and front, in a point. Box cloth garments have wide collars and revers, which, when they are buttoned over, show a narrow fur edging, and, thrown open, a fur lining. One of the newest cloaks is three-quarter length with a fur cape, the junction of the surrounding fur frill and yoke is marked by a deep puckered fur heading.

Among the greatest novelties in fur goods are the sable or minx sleeves, introduced into the long, handsome, fur-lined cloaks made of fine ladies' cloth, and embellished with large buttons. They are intended for driving or traveling, and are costly. Sealskin coats lined with satin, have sable or minx sleeves, as well as revers and collars. These are so arranged that they turn back or fasten close. The fur jackets, whether seal or some other skin, are getting longer, thirty-three to thirty-six inches in length.

A very brilliant scarlet velvet, embroidered with jet, is used for the crowns of theatre hats which show an aigrette and a cluster of *fleur-de-lis* tips as their sole adornment.

Jacket by Worth and Virot Toque.

Blue ribbed cloth and glossy black Astrakhan fur are the materials of this elegant jacket. It is made straight in front, and lapped far to the left, to fasten at the waist in Russian fashion by miniature heads of Astrakhan. The back is more closely fitted, yet is almost seamless. Sleeves of the thick fur give an air of great warmth. The false boa has one end thrown over the shoulder to fall low in the back, and is finished at the tip with a small head.

The toque of otter brown plush, has a puffed crown of unusual height. A facing of yellow satin is inside the brim. *Choux* of yellow ribbon are the trimming, completed by a high aigrette of black feathers tipped with silver.

A WORTH JACKET AND VIROT TOQUE.

Talma Cape.

This pretty evening wrap for a young lady is of pale yellow cloth. The shape is exceedingly simple, one full straight breadth of the cloth forming the back, and two half-breadths the fronts, both shirred at the neck and shaped on the shoulder, the sides remaining

TALMA CAPE.

open. The hem is beaded with gold beads. A deep box-pleated collar forms a pointed shoulder-cape below and a full ruff above, and is ornamented with bow-knots of gold and silver bead passementerie.

Evening Toilettes.

Gold-colored plush and white bengaline embroidered in gold are the materials combined in the *sortie de bal* illustrated in Fig. 1. The wide vest in the front and the back, which is arranged in two box pleats, are of plush, while the bengaline is used for the high-shouldered embroidered cape sleeves. A white feather band is inside the plush collar and along the front edges.

The young lady's gown shown in Fig. 2 is of white goffered crepon, which is crepon woven in crinkled stripes. It has a short trained skirt, which is trimmed around the bottom, up the middle of the back from both sides, and around the top. The trimming is a ruche consisting of a box-pleated frill of light green satin ribbon, and one of white satin ribbon connected by a white ribbon band on each three rows of gold soutache are set. The bodice, which is slipped under the skirt, has a pleated front and plain back. The front is edged with a ruche on the chest, and from the ruche emerges a rounded guimpe, which has a foundation of gold-colored satin that is covered with alternate light green ribbons and narrow gold beadings through which white ribbons are drawn. The standing collar is made in the same way, and both have a heading of white ribbon. The full sleeves have deep cuffs of crepon over satin,

BACK OF BALL GOWN.

BACK OF CREPON GOWN.

banded with green and gold. The outside of the bodice fastens on the shoulder and under the arm.

A ball gown of light blue striped moire and peau de soie is shown in Fig. 3. The trained skirt, which is sixty inches long at the back, is bordered with a pleated ruche of light blue crape. The low bodice is round at the front and side, but has the back forms lengthened into slender coat tails about thirteen inches long. The back is laced, and the front ornamented with revers. A crape bertha is at the neck, shallow at the front, and deeper and pointed at the back. The sleeves are frills of gold spangled white lace, with loops of ribbon on the shoulders. The sash is of ribbon five inches wide, which is folded narrowly about the waist, and finished with a bow and long ends at the back.

BROCADED cloths are still trimmed with Astrakhan, appearing as a narrow border, collar, etc. Some of the woolen cloaks are are trimmed with curled natural seal of a golden color. This is put on as a square in front, with a point diminishing to the waist at the back. The short Newmarket sealskins have much to commend them on the score of smartness and novelty. They have pockets, revers, cuffs, and full sleeves on the shoulders.

CERTAIN London tailors whose creed states, "The dress of young ladies should at all times be daintily fresh rather than rich. It is right that young women should like to set off their natural advantages of youthful beauty by dress that is fashionable, becoming, and tasteful. At the same time it is undesirable, even were it possible, that large sums of money should be expended," are showing in extenuation of their theories a special make of the corded velveteen, which is one of the features of this season's fashion, entitled the "St. Lucia." It is offered in all the newest shades—notably a ruddy wine-color and a delicate biscuit tint—at prices which place it well within the range of an average dress allowance. The plain velveteens in heliotrope, corn-flower blue, and walnut color are equally charming. The zebra-patterned "Scarboro'" serges are admirable for knock-about dresses, whilst the camel's hair vicunas, with their delightfully silky texture and broken plaids, are admirable for visiting costumes. A large stock of tweeds and corduroy cloths are also shown.

A NOVEL lace-like passementerie is used which is so delicate as to resemble the heavier kinds of thread lace. The same is seen in imitation of Greek lace. Laces of all kinds, including Malines and Venetian, Valenciennes, Etruscan, and point-applique, are very much in use, and gold lace was never so much seen as now.

FRINGES show beautiful effects of sequins pendent from long strands of gold thread or silk, and balls of crystal hanging below disks or crescents.

THE richest silk and chenille fringes are displayed upon wraps. A fringe of fur balls mixed with strands of gold thread below a crisscross of the same is among the novelties for the garniture of velvet wraps as well as those in heavy cloth.

EVENING TOILETTES.

Fig. 1.—Evening Gown. Fig. 2.—Young Lady's Crepon Gown. Fig. 3.—Striped Moire Ball Gown.

JET is more fashionable than ever this season, and is still used in combination with gold, silver, colored silk, black silk, and beads of all kinds, as, for example, in a rich passementerie in which dark red crystal beads outline an Egyptian design in jet centered by large cabochons.

RIBBONS of satin and velvet, plain and brocaded ribbon, narrow and broad ribbon, are all much used. A rich ribbon having plush in half its width, and another which is half in velvet, is much used on stylish gowns for home wear.

ONE of the pretty small ornaments of the moment is clusters of artificial violets—they must be velvet violets—which ornament felt and velvet hats, sometimes secured with a metal or Rhine-stone buckle, and nestle on muffs. Another small item is loops of velvet ribbon; loops of narrow ribbon set close together are sewed on bands for trimming dresses, for the crown or brim of hats, and or entire muffs.

RICH galloon of gold, silver, or both in combination, as well as a new and very handsome galloon of a bronze tint in an Etruscan design, are all used as garniture.

CHIFFON is used for vests, ties, jabot-effects, fronts of tea-gowns and evening dresses, tops of sleeves and panels.

A HANDSOME though "serious" visiting toilette is of black velvet, made rather long, with a jacket of the same material ornamented with such embroidery. A wrap of a very different character, and only suited for carriage calls, is of white cloth, made in the belted Russian style; it is long to the knee, bordered with dark fur all over, and with a band of embroidery on the front in red, blue and black silks, and silver.

THE greatest evolution of the coat is shown in the design for an evening dress, where the top of the bodice has quite disappeared, with its revers and big buttons; the sleeves are greatly altered by being made short and puffed, and the skirts are slashed up to the waist line nearly, with the front panels decorated to match a similar slashing and decoration of the panels at the bottom of the skirt. But in spite of these disguises we still recognise, in these various designs, our old friend, the Louis XIII. coat.

Fur-trimmed Talmas or other cloth or plush wraps are worn with or without an evening bonnet by ladies who sit in the parquet chairs at the opera. The popular plan is to leave off the bonnet; but when a bonnet is worn, it is a small light capote or toque with strings—not a round hat—made of white lace and jet, the latter in open branching patterns, or in riveted wings or crowns, with some small low ostrich tips of pink, turquoise, or yellow as trimming.

A TASTEFUL dinner gown is of white moire with yellow satin stripes and small Pampadour roses of natural pink and green. The demi-trained skirt opens on a tablier of white silk veiled with embroidered tulle; on the sides are revers covered with white lace.

A DRAPERY of velvet is as much used as velvet ribbon on many elegant models. Velvet and satin ribbon of all tints are used. Yellow velvet ribbon, as well as yellow plush and velvet, garnish the jet toques, and are displayed in puffed crowns, in draperies caught down by stars, disks, and pastilles and crescents of jet, or crossed by long bands of jet galloon with or without an admixture of gold thread.

FUR is used, sustained on wire in high effects at the back of some of the large plush, beaver or velvet hats, and this garniture is usually associated with satin ribbon or a drapery of satin, plain or brocaded.

A VERY handsome capote shows a front in scallops of velvet of a ruby tint edged with pendent balls of jet partly covered with a capping of gold. At the back is a fan of black lace worked with gold and sustained by a small gilt dagger which runs through a loop of the velvet edged with a scallop of gold thread. On the left of the loop is an osprey.

AMONG the new tints in felt are pale green, pale red, heliotrope, and lavender.

AN elegant model i lavender-tinted felt has its crown adorned with a double quilling of matching satin ribbon having a hair-line of dark purple on its edge beyond a row of gold-thread stitching. At the back is a *fleur-de-lis* cluster of feathers of mingled black and lavender.

FRENCH cable cords are woven in close tucks, they are generally self colored, but often the tucks show a different shade or color.

ANOTHER style exhibits of woven tucks at least a quarter of an inch in width the intervening space of another color and with big brocaded disks, circles or half moons in Jackquard figures.

CRINKLED cordurette is another popular fabric, the spaces between the cords having the appearance of tiny puffs.

DOUBLE-FACED woolens are used for cloaking purposes, each side showing a different color.

TERRY velvet is employed for trimmings, and is also made into coats and wraps; it is a rich, warm-looking material.

CHAMELEON silks are too gorgeous to be used for entire dresses, although they are seen occasionally. These silks which melt from one color into another are most artistically employed as the accessories to a toilet, appearing better in the lining of a panel, the facing of a hem or the turned up cuff of a XV century sleeve. The opal tints of blue changing into evanescent tones of red veiled with a film of milkly white are among the loveliest expressions of this style; then there is the metallic blue and the changeful green of the kingfisher, the brilliant blues seen upon the breast of a wood pigeon, or the sunset radiance simulated by an intermixture of threads of metallic lustre mixed with blue, pink and amethyst hues shimmering and vanishing like the dying glow of the setting sun.

A BLACK parrot is the latest thing in millinery birds, and it rivals the favorite black bird in popularity. Birds of any hue are used as hat ornaments, but still more stylish are the cute little animals' heads which peep forth from amongst an ambush of velvet and ribbon.

FANCY little tails stick up amidst stiff bows of satin ribbon, and warm fur borders surround plateau hats. So fashionable are these furry effects that many imitations are made in textile fabrics which are less heavy and decidedly more inexpensive.

LONG redingotes of hazel-brown cloth are made without darts and adjusted to the figure by a wide band of gold lace; the sleeves, V-shaped plastron, and the back are of golden-brown velvet finished with a band of gold galloon.

Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Love Abounding in Wisdom.

By Rev. O. C. S. Wallace.

Phil i., 9, 10: "And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and all discernment; so that ye may approve the things that are excellent."

The prayer from which our text is taken is comprehensive and striking. It touches life at many points. To the study of a part of it let us give our earnest attention now.

LOVE FUNDAMENTAL.

Love is at the foundation of all true character. Love is forever pouring life into the plant of Christian faith and works. Upon love depend spiritual growth and power. As without the sun there can be no heat, so without Christian love there can be no Christian life.

The love referred to now is not narrow, but broad as the world; it is not a love for a single person or object, but is diffusive like the light. The sunbeam does not hold itself to a narrow course, but radiates on all sides. So this love, radiant, light-like, sends its rays in all directions. It goes out to God, and to the godly, and to all that is of good report. It goes out to the wretched with encompassing pity, to the poor with enriching charity, and to the sinful with winning zeal.

This love is expansive, and increases. "This I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more." It does not wither from age, or dwindle in earthly stress and need. It finds no winter of discontent. Within it there is perpetual warmth, and greatness and strength and attainment.

This love abounds intensively and extensively. Simultaneously it grows stronger and wider. When the mountains pour their waters into the Nile, a double effect it produced; first, the river moves more swiftly, and then the broadened, rising stream overflows its banks and covers the valley far and wide. And this is the effect in the abounding of Christian love. There is added intensity. First of all the current is swifter. God is regarded with new fervor, and all good things are loved more and at the same time more good things are loved. The abounding love flows across this world as the swollen Nile across the Egyptian valley. Many fields are refreshed which before were parched and neglected. Causes are helped which were not helped before. The current is broad as well as swift.

THE METHOD OF LOVE'S ABOUNDING.

There are loves which are vagrant and wild. They glow with fervent heat; they have in them passionateness and waywardness; they are full of unreason; they are imperious and reckless; often they are fatal to peace. Not so this love. It is fervent, but not wild and furious. It is full of holy passion, but never imperious and dangerous. This love abounds "in knowledge and all discernment." Its abounding is like the abounding of the living plant, which never violates a law of God. However much the sap may pour into the tree from the roots, its abounding scorches no leaf, breaks off no bough, destroys no fruit, but luxuriance of foliage is added to the tree in all its parts, and abundance in all its fruitage. So in the abounding of Christian love. It obeys the laws of knowledge and discernment. It does not lead to a furious and foolish zeal, to deeds of good intent, perhaps, but of terrible effects. As this love abounds discretion abounds; and a better knowledge of human relations to God and man's relations to his brother; while discernment will flourish. Mark how this contrasts with some human ardors and passions. How often they are full of folly or weakness and guide to sin and misery! Even parental love does not abound always in knowledge and all discernment, but is unwisely indulgent or kindly weak. But this love, drawing its force and fire from God, draws wisdom from him also, until all of life is ordered more justly, prudently and safely.

A CONSEQUENCE OF LOVE'S ABOUNDING.

A consequence of Christian love abounding in knowledge and all discernment is stated: "So that ye may approve the things which are excellent."

The approval referred to here includes two ideas: First, the testing, or making trial of; and secondly, the approbation which follows a satisfactory test. The proving first, then the approving. David had proved the "five smooth stones out of the brook," and therefore he approved them in a critical hour. In the world about us there are some things which have been proved and approved through the Christian ages. They are the things which are excellent, and the things which are put to the proof according to this are these things, the things which are excellent, that is, the things which excel. If you are guided by this wise love these are the things which you will test, and you will test no other.

Let us make this very direct and specific now in a faithful application.

The man who has this abounding love will not prove or test or taste the things which are vicious. He will not drink poison, for human experience has already shown that poison kills, and he will not drink the cup of vicious indulgence, for human experience has shown already that this cup corrupts and destroys. Why should men in every generation taste the poisons and experiment upon the devasting corruptions which myriads of debasements and yawning mumbling miseries, have a thousand times declared to be the seductions of perdition? Here are things which are excellent, fragrant, rich, joyous; taste and prove these, and show thereby that you are under the sway of that love which abounds in knowledge and all discernment.

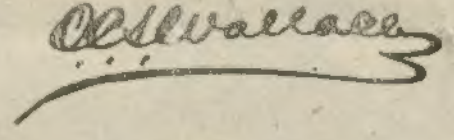
The man who knows this love will not prove or test or taste the things which are injurious. There are many things which are not to be classed with coveting, or lying, or stealing, or committing adultery, or murdering, or dishonoring parents, or breaking the Sabbath, or swearing profanely, or idolatry, or atheism which yet are injurious to the body or mind or soul, or all of these. For instance, a man may read frivolously, with the result that his mind is either unfilled or filled with trash; or he may read skeptical and infidel literature, till his faith is weakened and his mind ill at ease. In this case the man is not testing or proving the things which are excellent, but the things which are most surely injurious. Welcome into your house fools and atheists until every chair is occupied, and then where will you seat wise men and believers? Without only! So if you fill your mind with folly and infidelity, wisdom and faith will be forced to stand without knocking, and waiting there in sorrow and dishonor. Where love abounds in true discernment, the injurious things, whether they tend to work harm to the body or the mind, to the imagination or to faith, will be left unproved and untasted. It will seem sufficient to see the marred souls which have found harm or ruin in the proving of them already. Heart and soul and enthusiasm will be given to the things which are excellent.

Again, he who knows God in a wise and holy love, will not prove or test or taste the things which are questionable. In regard to some things the world of Christian believers is divided. Of certain worldly amusements, for instance, a few say, "They are good;" others say, "They are not bad;" still others say, "They are partly good and partly bad;" while great numbers declare, "They are injurious and tend to become vicious." These things therefore must be called questionable, and to test them or taste them, is to depart from this rule of proving only the things which excel.

But what then? Will not barrenness of joy result if this rule is observed? Surely not. God's universe is not so poor. The heavens and the earth are full of the things which are excellent, and these are waiting to be proved and approved. Occupations, pleasures, objects of desire—these abound among the things which are excellent. There are excellent occupations; why not choose one of these for your best energies? There are excellent pleasures, about which hangs no odor of suspicion; why not find delight in these? Why take the way of the quicksands when the path of substantial rock is before you? Why drink the cup whose mixture you do not know, or have reason to fear, when the pure waters of God's springs are at hand? Why test, or even taste, what is vicious or injurious or even questionable? "I pray that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and all discernment; so that ye may approve the things that are excellent."

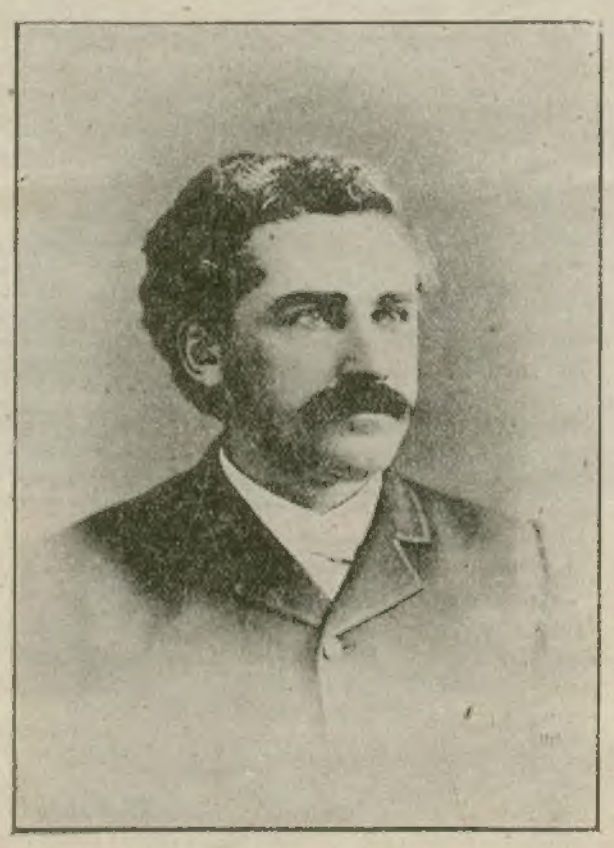
And we notice now that this wise love gives both the disposition and the competency to approve the things which are excellent. Where this love is lacking there is no disposition to approve or even to prove the excellent things. Living vines creep upward; dead vines droop and fall. As life in the vine leads it out in life lines, so holy love in the heart leads it out along holy lines. When men lack that love they have a disposition to seek other than excellent things. Some seek the questionable; others the injurious; and yet others the vicious. We do not expect to see a wicked man seeking the things of virtue; nor the worldly man seeking the things of faith; nor a selfish man following the path of self-denial. He has not the disposition. He goes to his own kind, he seeks the things of his father the devil.

Competency to approve the things which are excellent depends upon this love. A man who has no Godly love will not approve the things of God. They are foolishness to him. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned." Those religious exercises which are delightful to the devout, are irksome to the frivolous. "He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him there is no beauty that we should desire him,"—who could have believed the words of the prophet? And yet how terribly they were verified when Christ appeared. His beauties were not discerned. Multitudes lived in that day who were not competent to approve him. And multitudes are alive to-day who equally fail to approve him. When men turn to the world, to sinful or questionable pleasure, or to deeds and ways which are wrong, refusing to follow the things of Christ, the excellent things, they thereby declare that they are incompetent to approve the excellent things. Some find no delight in the worship of God's house. We cannot wonder, for they have no love for religious things. Many turn to human institutions for fraternity, and to amusements for liberty, and to worldly inventions for charity. We cannot wonder, for they have not that absorbing love for God which abounds in knowledge and all discernment. They approve less excellent things because they are incompetent to appreciate the more excellent. And now concerning you to whom this message comes to-day, "this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and all discernment; so that ye may approve the things that are excellent."



Rev. O. C. S. Wallace.

The Rev. O. C. S. Wallace was born in Canaan, King's County, Nova Scotia, in 1856. The process of his education was as that of other earnest young students long and laborious. At fifteen years of age the boy-pupil became the boy teacher and the public schools of his native province were the scene of his labors for the



next two years. Even at this early age his spiritual nature asserted itself and the divine summons to the service of the ministry called him from his work of teaching. The marked ability which made him a teacher so very early in life, soon showed itself in his work preparatory to the ministry. He entered the Worcester Academy at Worcester, Massachusetts, there to prepare for the University. His after-career at Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, was a brilliant one. When he graduated in 1883, he took honors in history, classics, and philosophy. Then came further educational training. Almost immediately after graduating he entered the Newton Theological Institution at Newton Centre, Massachusetts, and there further prepared himself for his chosen calling. He was ordained as pastor of the first Baptist Church, Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1885, and there remained for six happy and useful years. Then came the call to Toronto. He was invited to take charge of the Bloor Street Baptist Church, and in January 1st, 1891, he entered upon his duties in this pastorate. Although he has been only a year in this congregation his influence is already widely felt, The Rev. Mr. Wallace is no mere pale-faced student, he is vigorous, manly, can enter into and sympathize with the best athletic spirit of the times. He has a warm place in the hearts of the young of his congregation and is increasing rapidly the membership list of his Church. Mr. Wallace is well-known to the American press, both sacred and secular, and is a pleasant, thoughtful writer. In 1889 he received his M. A. degree from his *Alma Mater* for an essay on Egyptian archæology. He frequently delivers lectures in his Church, that attractive little edifice at the corner of Bloor and North streets. We feel sure that a brilliant and useful career lies before the Rev. Mr. Wallace.

The Latest in Stationary.

The tyrant fashion grows more despotic and exacting each year, and the unfortunate blase young lady finds '92 hard to keep apace with, but the dear little debutante grasps eagerly each new fad. She is surely one of fashion's most ardent slaves.

Much thought is given to the paper on which she sends her dainty notes. The young lady who is partial to violets will welcome one of the latest fads in the stationery line. It is in the shape of a fine quality of bond paper, tinted a faint violet, with a dark-purple monogram and border of the same shade. It is something new. Violet ink is often used. In the box with this paper comes a small violet satin bag filled with the perfume which the paper so plainly suggests.

The most fashionable tints at present are on the blue sapphire; yachting-blue and a delicate paper of a turquois tint, with the monogram done in white, are favorites. Silver crests, or the address in silver, are very effective on this shade. Mazarine-blue is a striking paper. Monograms in gold or silver show to good advantage on this tint.

A sample just out is decorated by a wreath within which you find a monogram. The paper being a delicate blue tint, will have a silver wreath at the top, the monogram inside being done in dark blue.

Many papers at present have the plain script initials.

For mourning a fine white paper, with black border, the initials done in black script, makes a stylish paper, the envelopes being marked in the same way. The very last thing in mourning stationery is something startingly unique. The paper itself is of a fine quality, the border being a broad band of dark purple, just edged with black, while the monogram or address just as the fancy may choose, is done in purple also.

The rose tints are very popular just now, and a pretty paper is of a delicate rose shade, with the monogram done in black. The initials in script look well with this combination of color.

Fashion, with its continuous longing for something new, yet seems partial to the times of long ago. We find quaint little figures dancing the minuet in the most stately fashion on a corner of our writing paper. Sometimes these little dames, with their diminutive partners, are exquisitely colored, but often are just outlined in black, gold or silver.

Many people consider the plain white paper very much the best form. On white paper the egg-shell is something new, though after writing a lengthy epistle upon it one would welcomely receive the Japanese bond, which is smooth and much easier to work on. The repp paper is stylish though rather coarse, The kid finish is a delightful paper to use. A plain white paper, with its own special marking, can be made very characteristic of the person using it.

The economical young woman need not be deprived of writing letters for ecocomy's sake, as note paper can be bought at five cents a quire, and the address put on in any color, not using the bronzes, for nine cents a quire.

Things A Woman Can Do.

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail.

She is as cool as a cucumber in a half-dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be pounding each other's heads before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a baseball pitcher.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony was performed.

She can walk half a night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.

Handiwork.

"The lily may grow, but man must fret and toil and spin."—DRUMMOND.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

Music Rack.

The music rack here shown is made in the same manner as described for the waste-basket, as far as the weaving of the basket is concernad. The foundation can be purchased at almost any store where willow goods are manufactured or sold, and it can be made at home, by preparing a regular saw-horse, paint with English enamel, a pretty shade of old rose, measure the width and length of the sides, and cut strips of pink and white celluliod and weave together as described for the basket. Punch holes in the bottom strip of celluliod about one inch apart; also repeat the operation in the top strip. Across the sides of the saw-horse, top and bottom tack a narrow cleat of inch stuff; to this strip fasten the woven cellliod,

MUSIC RACK.

by passing hair through the holes in the celluloid and around the cleat to cover this part of the work fasten all around a trimming made of macrame cord crocketted, tied or woven into any odd pattern that fancy may suggest, strech it on a board and paste over with gum Arabic. After it has thoroughly dried paint over with liquid gold. Willow trimming can be purchased by the yard at the factories where willow and bamboo articles are made.

Branch of Fruit.

Directions for making simple and inexpensive articles for home use are always eagerly sought for, and we here illustrate several pretty novelties.

The graceful branch of fruit shown here is useful for filling a blank space of wall, or it may be pinned to the cut tains, or attached to a picture. The oranges are made as follows: roll a piece of cotton wadding into a ball, and cover with orange colored crepe tissue paper. This crepe paper no more resembles the ordinary tissue paper, thag cheese cloth resembles satin; but it is a beautifully soft production, exactly resembling handsome heavy crepe. It doe, not rustle when being handled, and lends itself to nay shape or form. The leaves are cut into shape from velvet paper of a dark, cool green and are veined with a fine-pointed brush. Dip the brush into the bottle of liquid gold and draw along the the cut-out leaf, and down the centre.

Sachet Bags.

The two sachet bags here illustrated are made from crepe tissue paper. The larger one is made from two colors, a deep shade of old rose and a pale shade of the same color. To make, cut two squares, one of each shade, place them together, the lighter color to form the inside of bag, the darker color for the outside; in the centre of the square place a ball of scented cotton wool; draw the ends of the squares up around the cotton, and fasten close to the ball with a piece of fine wire. Fold edges of outside square downward over the ball, and the edges of the inside square arrange to stand upright, as illustrated. The effect is strikingly quaint and graceful.

The smaller of the two illustrations is made in the same manner; the only difference being the size of the squares and the disposition of the edges. The colors used in the model were, cream white and pale heliotrope, in crepe tissue.

SACHET BAG

Tobacco Pouches.

Figures 1 and 2 show two different designs for tobacco pouches. The first is made of olive brown plush, lined with chamois skin, and finished with a draw string of bronze green ribbon. The design on the front of pouch consists of wild roses, clovers, daisies and ferns worked in Kensington stitch in natural shades with filo floss.

FIG. 1.

The second pouch is made of chamois skin, and finished at the bottom with a fringe of the same material. To make the fringe first select a piece of chamois the width of the bag and as deep as the fringe desired when finished. With a bottle of liquid gold paint, paint both sides of this strip, after which slash it into strips, leaving a space of about one-half inch at the top for a heading. The lettering should be outlined with etching silk. The pipe and bowl would look best painted. For the clouds mix cobalt blue with zinc white; for the bowl and pipe use raw umber shaded with yellow ochre; or, if preferred, the entire design may be outlined with silk.

FIG. 2.

SOME of the tall floor-lamps, of a novel style, show the Eiffel Tower, which, when the lamp is lit, appears to be illuminated.

The Beauty of Apology.

Scarcely a day passes but each one of us is guilty, through carelessness, ignorance, or perhaps intention, of some unkind, hasty word or act against another. We misjudge another's word or deed, and, with angry motives, we try to write ourselves and assert our injured dignity. When our better nature is restored, we regret that we were not slow to anger. We are mortified that our own perceptions were not keen enough to see the word or deed from an impartial point of view, and often we feel true contrition that we have cherished unjust suspicions, and voiced our thoughts indignantly and harshly. There is an uneasy tugging of our conscience and a hurt spot in another's heart—two discords where all might have been harmonious. Or we are so busy with our duties, so wrapped up in our efforts to get what we wish, that we hurry along roughshod over any thing or person that checks our hasty pace. We are not unkind, but careless of another's share in the daily doings. We are self-assertive, and we imagine every one else equally able to maintain himself. We are surprised to find ourselves charged with indifference and selfishness, and to see another indignant at our self-centured course; or we are ignorant of the tender spot, the sensitive nerve, in our neighbor's more high-stung nature, and with idle or best-intentioned chat we press clumsily the place we should avoid.

All this is annoying, and we who conscientiously live to do good rather than evil, feel discouraged with our tactless selves, and often justly with those whose feelings are apparently "always on draught." But how many of us are willing to apologise? How many cheerfully use this, the first, means of righting wrongs? Just why should false pride succeed in convincing us that to assure another that we regret the wrong, and are minded not to repeat it, is humiliating? The humiliating part of the matter is our own shortcoming in tact and thoughtfulness, not the fact that we say we see our blunder. The offence is two-fold—our part and our neighbour's—and it is not enough to be mentally resolved that the trouble shall not arise again. The neighbor should share this resolve, this mental apology. Not that apology is the whole of repentance, genuine turning from past acts, but it is the first chord that leads quickly, naturally back from discordant keys to past or higher harmonies.

To know the beauty of apology in its fulness, it should be met in the same spirit of frankness. To receive an apology in a doubting, grudging, ungracious way is a disgrace. It is ill-bread, ignoble, unchristian. We are all liable to greviously offend at any moment, and when our brother says, "I was wrong; let me try again," let us not chill his frank impulses. Let us add our share to the beauty of his apology by a trusting, hearty God-speed.

Danger in the Fans.

Did woman ever stop to think of the direct result of her fan-waving when in a heated condition? writes a medical man. Attired in a low necked evening dress, it may be, she seats herself in some quiet nook after becoming thoroughly heated up and begins to fan herself vigorously, or gets her escort to do the work for her. In a very short time she begins to feel comfortable, and then cool, and finally chilly. Still, from habit more than anything else she keeps the fan going, unless she is positively cold, and wonders where the draft comes from. The next day she has a cold and cannot account for it. A fan makes a current of wind the same as an open door, and when it is used vigorously must cause such a sudden cooling down of the body temperature that a chill is experienced. The fan on hot days is an indispensable article, but there is danger in its extreme use. A little fanning when hot may produce good, pleasant results, but if used too much and continually, colds, influenza, pneumonia and consumption may be traced back to its inordinate use. Besides, some less strong person next to you may suffer from the cool air which the fan makes. The fan is used more as a habit than for real need, and it is this which should be deplored and discouraged by all, especially in public places.

The Perfect Dancer.

The talent is inborn, not to be acquired. People are born dancers, as they are born singers and mesmerists. Training is necessary to strengthen and make flexible the muscles of the body,, as training is necessary to give the singer control of her great voice. But you can no more make a dancer by training than you can a prima donna. The raw material must be there—sometimes to let itself be shaped and subdued by cultivation, sometimes to submit to it impatiently, and, the beat of the music calling, to cast away the restrictions of training, and plunge into the exultation of the dance with the spontaneity of one who was created a dancer by nature.

About the talent of the real dancer there is something of mystery. A pulse beats in her feet that gives her a mystic grace awarded to no other. In the rise and fall of the music she finds woven paces that no other eye can see. With a weird intuition, incomprehensible to herself, she is able to interpret into movement the secret spirit of the melody, to give form and color to the composer's fantasies, richer and more beautiful than any he had ever dreamed of. The gift has come to her from what unknown sources? perhaps heredity.

Is Beauty A Blessing?

Of the beautiful women that I have known, but few have attained superiority of any kind. In marriage they have frequently made failures; why, I do not know, unless the possession of great loveliness is incompatible with the possession of an equal amount of good judgment. So much is expected by the woman accustomed to admiration that she plays and palters with her fate till the crooked stick is all that is left her. This we see exemplified again and again. While the earnest, lofty, sweet-smiling woman of the pale hair and donbtful line of nose has, perhaps, one true lover whose worth she has time to recognize, an acknowledged beauty will find herself surrounded by a crowd of showy egotists, whose admiration so dazes and bewilders her that she is sometimes tempted to bestow herself upon the most importunate one in order to end the unseemly struggle.

Then the incentive to education and to the cultivation of one's especial powers is lacking. Forgetting that the triumphs which have made a holiday of youth must lessen with the years, many a fair one neglets that training of the miud which gives to her who is poor in all else an endless store-house of wealth from which she can hope to produce treasures for her own delectation and that of those about her long after the fitful bloom upon her handsome sister's cheek has faded with the roses of departed summer.

MRS. CARNEGIE uses dead white linen paper with her initials, "L. W. C." and her address in blue across the top of the sheet. On the flag of her envelopes is a plain C.

A VERY attractive note is that which Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew writes. She uses a small, rather thick sheet. At the top of the sheet is her address, stamped in simply formed letters in relief.

Practical Information for the Housewife

"Nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good."—MILTON.

All questions regarding this department will be cheerfully answered in this column.—Ed.

How to Purify a Sick Chamber.

The British Parliament awarded a London physician twenty-five thousand dollars for the discovery of the following method: Put half an ounce of sulphuric acid in a crucible glass or china cup and warm it over a lamp, or in heated sand, adding a little nifer to it from time to time. This produces nitrous acid vapor. Several of these vessels must be placed in the sick-chamber and in the neighboring apartments and passage at a distance of twenty feet from each other.

A Sweet-Smelling Disinfectant.

A very pretty form of disinfectant is being introduced to sick rooms in Australia, in the form of the green branches of eucalyptus. The reputation of the eucalyptus as an absorbent of malaria, and as an antidote in fever-cases is well-established, and for some time its effect as a disinfectant in sick chambers has been carefully watched.

Dr. Curgenven states, after twelve months' trial, that in cases of scarlet fever, if the branches be placed under the bed, the bedding undergoes thorough disinfection, the volatile vapor penetrating and saturating the matresses and every other article in the room. The vapor is also said to have a beneficial effect upon phthisical patients, acting not only as an antiseptic, but as a sedative, and to some extent, as a hypnotic.

Burns and Scalds.

Children often have slight burns or scalds, and proper treatment will allay the pain so quickly that they will suffer little from the accident. Stir a teaspoonful of soda into four tablespoonfuls of molasses until it is like cream, and apply or use equal parts of linseed oil and lime-water in the same manner. An old-fashioned but good remedy was a tablespoonful of wood soot (not coal ashes) and two tablespoonfuls of lard rubbed together like a salve. Some one of these remedies will always be at hand in any household. If the burn is where it can be covered with a piece of old linen, do not remove this to see how the burn looks, for a burn or scald heals rapidly if let entirely alone after receiving an application of some alkali and softening substance to remove the burning sensation.

What to Try.

Try pop corn for nausea; try cranberries for malaria; try a sun bath for rheumatism; try ginger ale for stomach cramps; try clam broth for a weak stomach; try swallowing saliva when troubled with sour stomach; try a wet towel to the back of the neck when sleepless; try a hot, dry flannel over the seat of neuralgiac pain, and renew it frequently; try snuffing powdered borax up the nostrils for catarrhal cold in the head; try taking your cod liver oil in tomato catsup if you want to make it palatable; try breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid to relieve the whooping cough; try a cloth wrung out from cold water, put about the neck at night for sore throat; try a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) in diarrhœal troubles; give frequently; try walking with your hands behind you if you find yourself becoming bent forward.

Cellar Windows.

Keep all the cellar windows open and allow the air to circulate, but use screens on the windows and doors in order to keep out insects. At this season the cellar should be kept in neat condition, plenty of whitewash used on the walls, and all articles that may be stored away should be arranged for convenience of access during the winter.

Don't Shut Up The Windows.

Where the body is not overheated the draught caused by the ordinary incoming of air through an open window will do infinitely less harm than the impure air caused by closed windows. The way to enjoy pure air in cold weather is to turn on the heat when the room gets cold, not to shut up the windows. If the room becomes too warm, don't turn off the heat, but open the windows. By this means a person who knows anything about ventilation can have an equable, summer-like atmosphere about him all winter long. The necessity of open windows is doubly apparent where tobacco smoke is indulged in, as the smoke is dangerous to the breathing apparatus and makes it liable to lung troubles.

Egg Tests.

A good egg will sink in water.
Stale eggs are glassy and smooth of shell.
A fresh egg has a lime-like surface to its shell.
The boiled eggs which adhere to the shell are fresh laid.

After an egg has laid a day or more the shell comes off easily when boiled.

Thin shells are caused by a lack of gravel etc., among the hens laying eggs.

Eggs which have been packed in lime look stained, and show the action of the lime on the surface.

If an egg is clean and golden in appearance when held to the light it is good; if dark or spotted, it is bad.

The badness of an egg can sometimes be told by shaking near the holder's ear, but the test is a dangerous one.

Many devices have been tested to keep eggs fresh, but the less time an egg is kept, the better for the egg and the one that eats it.

Ridding a House of Rats.

The best way of ridding a house of rats is to fill all the holes that can be found with pounded glass, and seal them up with plaster of Paris and tin it if you wish. Then thoroughly clean the premises and see that there are no garbage pails left about to attract rats, and secure the services of a good cat. Treat her kindly. Confine her as much as possible to the basement of the house, so she will keep these intruders away, and there need be no trouble. In a large hotel or boarding-house the amount of refuse food unnecessarily left about draws rats, but there is no excuse for their presence in a small house if there is a good cat.

Keeping Pots and Pans Clean.

The secret of keeping clean all pots and pans used in cooking, with the least labor, is never to allow anything—grease more especially—to get cold in them. What is required is that everything cooked in these pans should be emptied out while hot and the pan at once filled with hot water and a bit of soda and stood at the side of the stove until there is an opportunity to let it boil up, when the pan can be quickly washed and rinsed out, and will be bright and perfectly sweet. Copper and iron cooking utensils can thus be kept well without any laborious periodical scouring.

MEAT which is roasted in an open pan should at first have an oven hot enough to crust the surface, thereby retaining all the juices.

TO SOFTEN WATER SOAKED BOOTS OR SHOES.—A pair of boots or shoes thoroughly wet are not easy to dry without being left stiff and very likely shrunken. To avoid this as much as possible, fill the wet articles with dry oats or stuff them firmly with paper. This not only keeps them in shape, but hastens the drying by absorbing the moisture. Apply a little glycerine to the leather before it is thoroughly dry, rubbing it well in.

The owner of the room put up on the side of the wall, on each side of the fire-place, shallow shelves of plain pine wood, stained cherry to match the rest of the woodwork, and rising about four feet from the floor. These shelves met another shelf of the same width which ran along the wall to the mantel, and under which was placed a small table lamp and an old straight back chair. On the other side of the corner the shelf was prolonged about four feet from the floor, just high enough to enable one to sit under it comfortably, a small cherry rocker being placed for the purpose. This shelf held unframed etchings and books, the other shelves daily papers and magazines, one or two artistic vases and a gay little basket with a bright bit of work, making the most homelike and delightful of afternoon resting places. From it one looked across and easily talked across to the corresponding corner, where was placed a stand with a hardy fern that did not need much light, and some dull red spots with drooping English ivy. An old brass claw foot chair stood beside the greenery, and above it hung one or two good engravings.

Entertainment.

"To find the way to heaven by doing deeds of hospitality."—SHAKESPEARE.

All questions regarding this department will be cheerfully answered in this column.—Ed.

Refreshments For Informal Evening Parties.

Light refreshments in many cases are all that is needed. For a simple menu: Veal or chicken, crackers, olives, lemon tarts, excellent cake, white cake, chocolate.

VEAL CRACKERS.—Boil two hours or until meat will fall from bones. Chop fine, season with salt and pepper, and a lump of butter size of an egg, enough of water in which meat has boiled to moisten mince. Make a rich pie crust, roll and cut in rounds with biscuit cutter; they must be very thin; spred spoonful of mince, cover with pastry rolled thin. Make a number of perforations in cover, place in pan and bake in hot oven until brown. Serve hot or cold.

LEMON TARTS.—Line shells with paste, bake and fill with following:

LEMON JELLY.—Two lemons, juice and grated rind, one cupful sugar, one-fourth cupful butter, two eggs. Boil or steam until thick, fill shells, frost if desired, and serve cold.

EXCELLENT CAKE.—Two cupfuls of brown sugar, two eggs, one cupful sour milk, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved, one cupful butter, four cupfuls of flour, one cupful raisins, one of citron, one of currants, one teaspoonful each mace, cloves, cinnamon, ginger. Beat well, bake in loaf. Frost if desired.

WHITE CAKE.—Whites of four eggs, one-fourth cupful of butter, one cupful sugar, half cupful of sweet milk, three cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful lemon extract. Beat thoroughly, bake in loaf, and if desired, frost with chocolate frosting.

Another simple menu is small biscuit, jellied chicken, crisp pickles, apple jelly, Columbia cake, sponge drops, chocolate.

SMALL BISCUIT.—Two quarts flour, one cupful yeast, one cupful lard, one half cupful sugar, warm water (lukewarm only) to make a dough stiff enough to knead. Let rise over night; in the morning push down, let rise, then knead, let rise, then make into small biscuit, let rise half an hour and bake in a moderate oven. They should be small but high.

COLUMBIA CAKE.—One and one-half cupfuls granulated sugar, one-half cupful butter, two eggs, one cupful sweet milk, four cupfuls flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half teaspoonful lemon the same of vanilla extract, one cupful finely cut citron, one cupful each raisins, currants and cocanut. Bake in two loaves. If desired frost with white frosting. Very nice.

SPONGE DROPS.—One cupful granulated sugar, three eggs, one cupful flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, one tablespoonful water. Bake by dropping spoonfuls on buttered paper placed on dripping pan. Remove by placing broad-bladed knife under drop.

Another may be sliced tongue, graham and white sandwiches, sliced oranges, little cakes, home made candy, coffee.

Boil in plenty of water an unsalted beef tongue; when tender, salt and let it remain in water until cool, then remove skin and keep in water until cold, over night if possible. Slice very thin, place on platter, garnish with parsley.

GRAHAM AND WHITE SANDWICHES.—Cut thin slices of graham bread, and the same amount of white. Put together with a layer of minced sardines, season with salt, pepper, mustard and lemon juice.

SLICED ORANGES.—Peel, slice and sprinkle with sugar quite liberally, if oranges are sour.

LITTLE CAKES.—Two cupfuls sugar, one-half cupful butter, one cupful sweet milk, two eggs, three cupfuls flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful each mace and cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful salt. Beat well and bake in cup cake tins. Frost if desired.

The following is very nice when only simple repast is desired: Lobster salad, crackers, cake, coffee.

LOBSTER SALAD.—One can lobster, or the same amount fresh, one-half pint shred cabbage, lettuce or celery, one teaspoonful made mustard, salt, pepper to season, six tablespoonfuls salad oil or melted butter, twelve tablespoonfuls vinegar. Toss all together and serve cold.

PARTY CAKE.—One cupful granulated sugar, half cupful butter, one cupful milk, three cupfuls flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful lemon, one half cupful finely cut citron. Beat well together, bake in layers, put together with frosting.

FROSTING FOR FILLING.—Beat to a stiff froth whites of two eggs, add six tablespoonfuls sugar extract lemon to flavor, a tablespooful lemon in juice or vinegar. Spread between and over cake.

THE fare for an afternoon tea should consist of light dishes, such as little rolls of thin bread and butter, many ladies now have them made of delicate brown bread; cakes with icing, marrons glace and salted almonds. Tea and chocolate are the favorite beverages. Bowls of ferthery ferns make charming and inexpensive decorations.

IT is now the fashion to have some arrangement in the drawing room or library for an impromptu cup of tea, hence the variety of parlor tea kettles in brass, copper, bronze and silver. Wrought iron and brass tea stands are both in favor. Dainty tea plates and teacups and saucers complete the usual equipage, though the silver tea-ball must not be forgotten. Some ladies prefer the tiny tea pots in Japanse porcelain to the tea-ball. Fancy crackers are served with the cup of tea, and it may be said of this simple entertainment that it is an inexpensive and highly promotive of sociability and ease, and within the reach of light purses.

The Yorkshire School for the Blind, York.

Amongst the many interesting characteristics of the century now closing, few are more remarkable than that of the amelioration of the condition of those who have to live and work in darkness. Such a picture as our artist has drawn on the opposite page, would have been impossible a century ago. Let us look at a picture described in 1786 by that ever memorable pioneer of blind education, Valentine Hany, of Paris. He writes:—"A novelty of a kind so singular has attracted, for several years, the united attention of a number of persons at the entry of one of those places of refreshment, situated in the public walks, whither respectable citizens go to relax themselves about the decline of day. Eight or ten poor blind persons, with spectacles on their noses, placed along a desk which sustained instruments of music, where they executed a discordant symphony, seemed to give delight to the audience. A very different sentiment possessed our soul."

Look at that in 1786 and then at this in 1891, and there is no need to describe further what has been done!

The quiet happiness of a picture like Mr. Soord's suggests well the usual characteristic of the blind—no moping, no melancholy—but rather cheerfulness. It is the invariable remark of visitors to blind institutions, "How cheerful they all seem." There are few things, indeed, they feel more inclined to resent than the thoughtless expressions of commiseration, to which some people give vent; and which not unfrequently meets with a well-merited rebuke.

SCENE IN THE YORKSHIRE SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND, YORK.

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

"My wish . . . that womankind had but one rosy mouth, to kiss them all at once from north to south."

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

A COUSIN who has lost a dear cousin by death, writes to me, in a sad and melancholy strain; she is worried because she cannot afford to buy mourning, she does not think it right to go in debt for it. Good girl! Now I will tell you what you can do. Round your brown tweed walking jacket sleeve—the left sleeve—put a band of crape four inches wide, just half-way between the elbow and the shoulder, buy a pair of nice black kid gloves for Sunday, and that is all you need do. The sight of that band of crape will tell of your loss, and should anyone be so utterly tactless and obtuse as to remark upon your wearing the brown tweed suit, take no notice whatever of their imbecility. You will need to tack the band of crape (bias) on a bias lining, and put it on the sleeve very carefully or it will not lie even. If you desire a little bit more crape on the left side of your seal cap, just four little folds, laid on, not more than two inches square in all, you might put it, but the band on the arm is quite sufficient. I am sorry, sorry, dear, that you are for a little among the shadows. Look beyond; the sun is shinning, on him whose memory you cherish!

THERE is quite a batch of letters in the little gold band this week, but I am not going to answer them now. Next week, I shall go over them all again and see what I can say to those cousins of mine. I had such a nice treat last night, and some fun about it too, and I want to tell you about it. You must know that Toronto is one of the cities in which Patti sang during this present tour, and Cousin Ruth longed ever so much to hear her. But the tickets were expensive, a dollar and a half for standing room, and sometimes one is too tired to stand for three hours, even to gratify one's taste and curiosity. So, as we talked it over, the mother, and the girls, and I, we came to the conclusion to give up the idea. Before we had quite done so, Cousin Ruth's brownie came to her aid and whispered in her ear, "Why not take your seats along with you, and plant them where you like." "Girls," I said on the impulse of the moment, "If I lend you each one of my tiny gold and white folding chairs, you can sit on them and hear Patti comfortably!" You should have heard those cousins laugh, "All right, old lady," they said, "Here is three dollars, go and get the tickets, and we'll carry our seats to the concert." When we got to the Hall, in our best French opera cloaks, each concealing a dainty little plush-seated folding chair, I charged into the crowd, armed with my never-failing weapon, a hat pin. My dear cousins, if you knew how a hat-pin, judiciously applied, can break a way through the densest crowd, you'd be amazed. The meanest man on earth can't argue or push against a hat-pin. Well, we got in, and were warned by the ushers that we mustn't sit down. You should have seen their faces when from under each opera cloak came the tiny white chairs, and on them all three cousins sat down, in a good place for seeing and hearing.

As for Patti, she was like the young ruler in the Gospel, "one thing she lacks." It is that subtle power that swells the throat and moistens the eyes of the listeners, that draws their hearts out to the singer, and makes them feel that twenty dollars was not too much to pay for that one moments experience. A marvellous woman she is, in her plump, pretty, sparkling loveliness, after half a century and more of life and excitement. She wears dazzling jewels, diamonds on her round neck, and gleaming in her raven hair, and she wears the most atrocious bang, that sticks out and down like a Dutch porch over her bright eyes. She is so confident of pleasing, so sure of her value, so velvet voiced that there is no one who can criticise her, but, after the notes of those old sweet songs are sung, one does miss the true ring of feeling and conviction that should linger in the air. One knows that there was no thought of exile or no knowledge of friendliness, or no pretence or desire of such knowledge in the selfish little heart of the Diva, who warbled about "Home Sweet Home." A learned man, who thinks out loud, said slowly, as Patti retired after her third encore, "She's got no soul," and that was about what Cousin Ruth was thinking.

I WANT to tell you girls about a little cousin, whom I hope to some day to hear from, and of whom I am very fond. She lives away across the Seas, in a rather quaint and queer old city of Europe. Her name is Katerina, and she is so pretty. She is a working-girl, and she has hard work, but she prefers to work even harder than burden her father with her support. She has five sisters, and all these girls are trying to make their living, because "home sweet home," is not like it used to be, before their mother died. The father is a working man, he has a small farm, and he brought my my little foreign cousins home a step-mother some three years ago. This step-mother often pities the father for having five great girls to support, and she makes life so unpleasant for them, that they are trying their best to get away, one is going to be married to an ugly old man, and she marries him on condition that the smallest sister lives with her always. Then, Katerina has come to the big city to do for herself, and already she has hard times. There are great travellers who stop at the hotel where she works, who offer her great wages to come to Paris, to Berlin, to Vienna, and very soon Katerina found that these were false friends and only wanted to get her away from her friends. We used to have many talks over these matters, when I was staying in the city and at the Hotel where Katerina lives, and often when I am not very busy, I think of how she cried and told me of her perplexities. And it sometimes makes me cross to think of one disagreeable woman making these six girls so unhappy. Isn't in mean?

COUSIN RUTH.

An Ideal Husband.

17. He who does right for his own sake out of respect for himself. The man whose wealth is for the poor, whose understanding is for the world, whose life is for God, gentle to inferiors, treating them as if he were dealing with himself, possessing manliness, tempered by gentleness, not intentionally wounding the feeling of others, that true courtesy which prompts its possessor to begin each day by being good to his own children love and trust such men. Cats and dogs do not fly from their presence, and women implicity feel that their honor is safe in such hands.

18. What things are necessary for the making of a good husband, well he must be honest, upright and truthful and an abstainer from all intoxicating liquors, and above all, to be a Christian, one that fears God and walks in his ways these; are the things which make the man. Every man that looks like a gentleman is not one, but he that acts as one in all his ways, thoughts and doings happy is the woman that has such a man for a husband, it can be said of them they are walking in the Christian path and are help-mates one to another.

19. A good moral character is the first and surest foundation upon which to build all other requisities to perfect an ideal husband, to which we add honorable principles of truth, firmness, generosity, and industry, a firmness in his rightful authority which has no taint of oppression. A good husband provides well for his family, considers his wife's comfort and pleasure. Writers tell of "Poverty for love's sake," etc., but life is real and needs to be provided for in a substantial manner, which judicious provision insures comfort, contentment and happiness, all of which sweeten the life and strengthens the heart of an ideal husband, being the fruit of his own generous creation

20. An ideal husband must be in every sense an ideal man. An ideal husband should be a Christian, he should love his wife with a true, holy, affectionate love. He should be kind and courteous to her and to her friends, ever-mindful of her comfort and happiness, he should be of a patient and loving disposition. He should abstain from all evil habits and be sound in body and mind, intelligent, and capable of taking a man's part in the world. He should be honest, truthful, and a perserving worker for God and his fellowman.

The Fashionable Neck.

Odd, isn't it, that there should be a *fin de siecle* neck, just as there is a mode in bonnets or a style in gowns? Stranger still that the girl of the period conforms her physical being to the conventional idea just as she cuts her draperies in the fashion. Now, the *fin de siecle* neck at the end of the century is not at all what it was at the beginning, when all the sweet girls wore low-necked gowns in the day-time. Then the essential qualification of beauty was a sort of cushion-like plumpness. No bones or suggestion of bones must be traceable between the round column of the throat and the tumultuous upheaval of the too redundant bosom.

Now the neck must have subtle expression, not capon plumpness, and this expression depends upon—bones. To be classically beautiful the line of the clavicle must be visible at the base of the throat, and the hollow just above this that every Venus has, and that some one has called a rest for Cupid's kisses, must not be lost in too abundant flesh, though the flesh be the fairest and most dimpled ever bared to the eyet of mortals.

There is a *fin de siecle* bust, too. It is small, round, low, exquisitely chaste, and beautifully modeled. The important thing in dressing for the best expression of this modish neck is to wear everything loose about the bust and to have a corset either cut entirely away over the bust or cut very low. The French woman grasps the ideal of the end-of-the-century neck and leaves her corset, which is made to order if the gown worn over it cost less than a shilling a yard, very loose at the top where it sustains the bust, but does not compress or push it out of place. No matter how low cut is the ball-gown, the effect is delicate and modest if the fullness of the breast is not apparent.

The slender woman is the woman of the mode. The ideal of beauty approaches more nearly the antique standards, and we are outgrowing the notion that the loveliness of a woman's neck and shoulders depends upon flesh alone. The anatomical structure must be defined about the ankle, must be guessed at the wrist, and must show a faint line or tracery at the throat. Too much flesh takes from the impressiveness of the throat and shoulders.

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND uses plain, rough finished linen paper, and a seal of white wax. Mrs. William M, Evarts prefers cream-tinted Irish linen of a somewhat heavy quality. She uses no seal. Mrs. Cyrus W. Field has a most imposing coat of arms emblazoned upon her letter paper.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, uses translucent paper with a gilt design, round as a dollar, upon which are the three letters of her name.

PAULINE HALL uses pretty stationery, and Helen Dauvray-Ward writes on gray paper, with a ragged edge. Ada Rehan uses dark, blue paper, with her monogram and address in white or gold.

MRS. ELIZABETH CUSTER uses the plainest of paper, with nothing whatever upon it except what she writes there in a beautiful, flowing, legible hand.

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY. *Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.*

SAGESSE.—This correspondent puzzles me a little. It is always difficult to say how much a woman should accept from a man, in the way of chaff. Sometimes if the woman be sensitive and quick tempered, a very little makes her uncomfortable. There are limits, and her own nature defines them. I saw a very sarcastic and clever man completely crushed by an innocent looking girl, who in reply to a trying question, intended to confuse, and annoy her, calmly remarked "no-goosie!" It is sometimes extremely difficult to parry unpleasant remarks, but anything is better than to resent them. If the man you complain of tells you broad stories and embarrasses you by his remarks, you can only pretend abtuseness, and if he forces them upon you, give him a decided and quenching snub. "Hold your tongue sir," in stern tones, will settle him.

TRIED.—I cannot give you a cure for a bad memory. In your case it is probably the result of over taxing. We can't do more than our strength allows, and when you feel you begin to forget important things don't try to remember them, keep a tablet handy and jot down what you wish to remember.

SKATER.—A skating dress should be plain, neat and of some rich material. The divided skirt is very comfortable for this exercise, worn under the plain gored skating costume. A pretty dress seen on the rinks this winter is of dark green velvet and chinchilla fur, and a cosy looking one of wine-colored cloth, braided, and edged with narrow bands of Persian lamb fur.

IPSEDIXIE.—Women have a great deal to do with the management of the World's Fair. The American women are just waking up to show what they are capable of, and you wont be ashamed of your countrywomen when they come to the front next year.

JANE EYRE.—Charlotte Bronte the authoress of Jane Eyre, Vilette Sherley and several other novels, was the daughter of an Irish clergyman, the Rev. Patrick Bronte. Her early life was secluded and her nature highstring fanciful and nervous. She married happily, and died after a short wifehood, leaving no family. Though her writings are very different in style from FIN DE SIECLE literature, they are most original powerful and interesting books, and I can safely recommend you to read them. If you can get Mrs. Gaskills' life of Charlotte Bronte, read it first, it is very interesting and you will find it a help to comprehending several parts of the writings of the gifted subject.

MAGGIE MAY.—No apology can be tendered. It was a simple slip of the tongue, and though very embarrassing, should not be resented. Try and forget all about it.

JAMESSE DOREE.—I think you have written before, have you not? Certainly the next heir to the throne of England after the Prince of Wales, is his second and only surviving son, Prince George. 2. I don't at all know whether it is likely he and Princess Mary of Teck will marry. Don't you think its rather soon to advance such an idea, her former Fiance having only been dead a week or two? 3. Yes, I have seen Prince George, he looks a good deal like the Royal family, he has been talked about but so have they all. Let old gossip rest, I pray you!

IMBELIEVER.—1. You are very far astray in your estimate of Canadian women. They are neither pryndiced narrow nor conceited, as a class, any more than women of other English speaking countries. The trouble with them is that they are a poor crowd, money not being gained as easily nor spent as lavishly by the Canadian men as by your compatriots. I think they are more retiring, paticint and contented than their American sisters, and I am willing to concede that their motto is "make haste slowly," but we all know the tortoise won the race, though the hare started fastest. A spirit of enterprise is often only another name for discontent, and when the goal striven for is reached, the discontent still remains. All the same, I admire the collected businesslike and generally sensible way the American women transact affairs, and also her heartily objection to cumbersome traditions and usages. There is compensating charm for the lack of each, and both can be very sincerely respected.

TYPO.—A contest was held in this city sometime ago, and was fairly conducted. The winner is well known and made very good time indeed. I should have to look over the fyle to tell you just what his work was, and I have not time this week, will look it up soon.

GRACE.—Snowshoeing is not at all hard work, it is awkward at first, but you can soon get accustomed to the shoes, and then you are all right. A nice pair of ladies shoes costs about four dollars. Any sporting goods emporium in the city will get them the size you want.

STUDENT.—The poem is by Victor Hugo. It is called in French "Les Chatiments de Napoleon," and rehearses all the bad fortune and defeat which fell upon the famous Corsican. It is not easy, and, for you, would be much too difficult. Have you gone over Lafontaines fables? They are the spoon food generally offered to young students, you will find them easy, amusing and very helpful. I don't know the name of your teacher, but if you are dissatisfied I can recommend the Ingres Coutellier Schools which have branches in many parts of the States and Canada. The Toronto branch is in the Canada Life building, King St. West.

PICKLE.—I am sorry you have gotten yourself into such a mess. It is too bad if you miss your concert by your heedlessness, for the programme is worth hearing. Suppose you were to write to the second gentleman, and say that circumstances over which you have no control will prevent you from accepting his escort, and that you are letting him know in good time, that he may not be put to inconvenience, also tell him you feel grateful to him for his kind attention. Don't express regret, because that will be a reflection on the other gentleman. If you word your letter carefully, I think you can wiggle out of a complication which you owe to your own indiscretion.

MATER.—There are various pretty ways of dressing your little girl for a party, but a soft china silk, in cream and crimson, cream and sage, or cream and rather deep blue, or later still in one, of the handsome plaids now in vogue would make a pretty dress, as the party is so early I dont think gloves will be worn, let her take a pair, and the nurse can observe whether others wear them or not, and act accordingly.

WALTER.—A pretty birthday present for your sister would be a calendar. You can get very dainty ones at the book shops. As she is fond of writing and keeps the house accounts, you might get her a pen-stand, with drawers for different sorts of pens, and red ink in a small bottle, or you could select a handsome blotter, or a box of fancy stationery.

In The Play Room.

"Mild or wild we love you, loud or still, child or boy."—SWINBURNE.

(The editor of this department will be pleased to receive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzzles, short stories, etc., will be welcomed.)

Answers to Puzzles

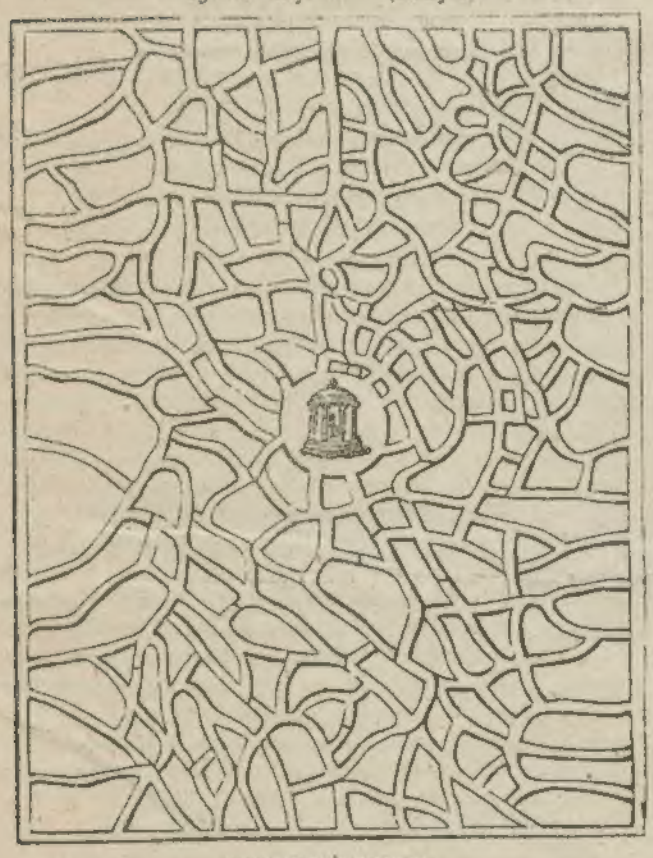
(*In Last Issue.*)

No. 1. CHARADE.—Mont Real Ice palace—Montreal Ice Palace.

No. 2. NUMERICAL PUZZLE.—1st. Prince of Wales. 2nd. Alice. 3rd. Toronto. 4th. Iodyne. 5th. Token. The whole LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY of Toronto.

No. 3. ACROSTIC.—ROMANS 4. 15.

1.	L	a-W	(Law)
2.	A	c-E	(Ace)
3.	D	anc-E	(Dance)
4.	I	n-K	(Ink)
5.	E	ase-L	(Easel)
6.	S	tor-Y	(Story)
7.	P	a-N	(Pan)
8.	I	ren-E	(Irene)
9.	C	re-W	(Crew)
10.	T	rochu-S	(Trochus)
11.	O	xli-P	(Oxlip)
12.	R	ussi-A	(Russia)
13.	I	m-P	(Imp)
14.	A	mus-E	(Amuse)
15.	L	awye-R	(Lawyer)



ROSAMOND'S BOWER.

No. 1. Rosamond's Bower.

This cut represents, it is said, the Maze at Woodstock, in which King Henry placed Fair Rosamond. It is ceitainly a most ingenious puzzle, and consists in getting from one of the numerous outlets, to the Bower in the centre, without crossing any of the lines.

No. 2. Arithmetical Puzzle.

A and B have equal sums of money; A loses one third of his money, and B gains $100; B then has three times as much as A. How much did each have at first?

No. 3. Logogriph.

In noise and in sound
My head is to be found,
And my last may be seen in any door.
These both joined aright
Will bring into sight
An insect you've heard of before.

Prof. Wickle's Prize Graphological Examination.

Special Notice.

The Ideal Wife Prize Examination closed on Dec. 15th. We shall continue to publish in this column the delineation of the different specimens of handwriting sent in for the Prize Competition until they have been completed. We will then publish the decision with the numbers to which the different prizes were awarded. No more specimens of handwriting will be delineated for this Examination. It will be useless for subscribers to forward them, as Competition closed, as above stated, on Dec. 15th, and we shall simply continue to publish those which were received on or before that date.

Delineations.

363. This is a conversational, friendly, uncultured and not very tastful person. A certain clearsightedness, though, gives her opinion worth, and her words right. She is sometimes careless, and at no time anxious for results. Kindly in disposition, rather narrow in thought, but with some good ability and desire to be appreciated, would make a good wife, even to an unworthy husband.

364. Very similar to (1), but with more culture sense of beauty and reticence.

365. This lady is enterprising and ambitious, energetic, decided in opinion, generous and of calm and correct judgment, would not accept without a protest, any sort of short coming in her husband. Has sympathy and tact and sufficient ideality to save her from being commonplace.

366. This lady is frank and honest, graceful in expression, with great adaptability, perhaps she is a little imprudent in speech, and too confiding to her friends, but she makes so many that she can afford to risk losing a few, she has good taste, love of the beautiful and an extremely good opinion of herself.

367. This is a strongly marked character, impulsive, alert and energetic, she is sharp, observant and witty, and knows how to "kill two birds with one stone." In speech she is prudent, in judgment sharp but first, careful and anxious to do right, of great constancy and persistent effort, could make the best of a bad bargain and has power to attract and hold the best of fine husbands.

368. Idealism, energy, love of change, rather over sanguine estimate of the future, some generosity, self esteem, an exacting, impatient and lively temper, prudence in speech, and independence of thought are shewn in this lady's writing, she deserves a good husband, for she would make to a fine man a most excellent wife.

369. This writing is difficult to delineate as it is very unformed, but it holds some good traits. Persevering and painstaking effort are seen discretion, truth and truthfulness. The writer is fond of praise and rather ambitious, has some taste for beauty, but it needs cultivation, would make a true though not a brilliant wife.

370. This is a fine writing spoiled by extravagant mannerisms, writer is sensitive, of rather hasty temper, slightly affected, but original and clever, full of anxiety to excell which hampers and spoils her best efforts, she is prudent and generally closemouthed has a studied method and utterly lacks tact and true artistic perception, though she may deny this, as in all probability she passes for a critic, while on some subjects she is very lenient in her opinion, in others she is hard and unreasonable. This character is so fine, that it is worth training to perfection.

371. Cool self-control, determined effort, decision and exceeding perseverance, energy, independence of thought, rather frank speech, a very sensible and satisfactory study, lively and matter of fact, a little lacking in the more feminine and gentle traits and utterly incapable of the shadow of an untruth.

372 Prudence, good temper, hope, a little reserve, [good] judgment, but some extravagance, energy and carefulness are seen in the very pleasing writing.

373 This rather erratic but very interesting writing shows tenacity, ambition, originality and variable temper, writer is hasty but forgiving, constant in affection, fond of society, and very apt in conversation. Writing shows also some culture and while careless is far from indifferent to even small affairs.

374 This lady would be a good wife, as far as duty goes, but her affections are well controlled and not passionate, her judgment is sharp and her temper not very smooth and easy going. However, she has energy and rather a refined mind, her tastes are cultured and she is the very opposite of vulgar, hope is lacking and wit is not apparent.

The Girls Who Enjoys Good Health.

For a long time I have had my eye on the girl whose special fad of the moment is good health. It is now quite the correct thing to be thorougly sound in body, to have a good appetite, plenty of muscle, nerves under good control, a clean scrubbed skin smelling of soap and water, and a general well-groomed appearance. This blooming girl who enjoys good health scuds along the street like a ship under full sail, like a young race horse let loose from bit and bridle. Her vanity over her physical soundness and beauty of youth is adorable. Her eyes are bright, not hazy, her skin has a wholesome glow, her manner is alert and eager, not languid and "droony." She does not cultivate headaches, nor boast of a miserable appetite, and she has very sensibly come to the conclusion that a well girl, sound as a dollar tidy, trim, full of vitality is far more interesting than any languid young person living on pickles and candy can possibly be. When this young lady stepped into full-fledged womanhood, she had a little brief attack of egotism, during which she talked oftenest of herself, cultivated the vapors, thought she was nervous, couldn't walk far nor ride backwards, all sorts of trifling inconveniences made her dreadful ill and people who were polite were continually having to ask her how she was, did she feel any better and when she was going to get well. This became in time monotonous and tiresome and uninteresting. She grew a muddy-looking girl with sleepy eyes; her figure, her poses, all expressed lassitude, dullness, inhertness. She had a wilted look, a moulting droop and became happily for her, unlovely even to herslf.

A girl has a right to think a good deal about herself. She must look at herself in the glass and think what is becoming to her, and suitable for her, and in proportion with herself and her surroundings; and she must make the very best of herself, her advantages and her opportunities. She need not go in extravantly for dress reform, nor toss away her corsets, or adopt any new inventions in underwear, but she must go in for a daily bath, a clean ruddy skin, well-kept hands, clean, bright hair and a cheerful countenance. It is not necessary that she should be a vegetarian, or take to an oatmeal and milk diet; but she must eat wholesome food, and get enough sleep and take enough exercise to keep her body plump, her cheeks blooming and her skin clear.

Many young women, nice girls at that, brush their teeth daily in a thoughtless, mechanical way, simply because it is an acquired habit to brush the teeth. A perfectly wholesome, well-groomed girl, with crisp, well-washed hair, a sweet breath, a cool, soft skin, emits a subtle, delightful odor not to be attained by a thousand bottles of Lubin's extract. There is the difference between this odor and the perfume of white rose extract that there is between the scent of a new cut clover-field at sunrise and the heavy air of a hot-house lined with orchids and heliotrope. Any girl who is not sickly or an invalid may have this wholesome attractive beauty of health if she desires it. She may brush her teeth twice a day with the object of making them clean and shining white. Inside and out, the roof of her mouth, the gums, the tongue, up and down between the crevices of her teeth, rinsing her mouth well, and when finished, washing her brush well. Any dentifrice that makes a lather, I was once told by a great physician, is harmful to the teeth. At least once a week should she wash her hair in barely tepid water, with a pretty smart rubbing at the roots, drying it quickly and brushing it thoroughly. By this means the hair will always be bright, dry, crisp and full of vigor. Some hair looks heavy and dead, and is clammy to the touch. The main reason that it looks so is because it is not clean and possibly does not get a bath once in three months.

It will not take five minutes a day for a girl to have a plunge bath or to "wash herself all over" if the plunge is not possible. If cold water does not agree with her, let her use warm; but the chief value lies in the brisk rubbing with coarse towels until her pink skin glows like a baby's. This is grooming in good earnest and when it is finished she will hop into her clothes, feeling better tempered, more contented, more brave, all her virtues will be in the ascendant.

The best refinement a girl can show is a refinement that cannot exist without soap and water and a good pair of nail scissors and a brush and comb. This is better than a taste for Browning, or a boudoir filled with aesthetic stuffed cushions of Kensington embroidery. The culture of the body ought to lead to culture of the mind. A stranger naturally expects everything of a wholesome, healthy-looking girl. She looks capable of any amount of brave work, full of endurance, a good girl to lean on, to confide in. She carries sunshine and a sweet atmosphere around with her. Her body is all right. She has plenty of exercise and is too clean to allow herself to suffer from constipation, her blood circulates evenly, the nails on her fingers shine like pink opals, are well-cut and free from overgrown flesh and hang-nails; her mind is pure, her thoughts are pure her life is pure. Thus the wholesome girl impresses the stranger.

The healthy girl is proud of her appetite. She can eat a good breakfast, a better dinner, and can enjoy a ten or twelve o'clock supper. She is proud of the way she can work. When she is warm she will rub her handkerchief over her face briskly, and mischeivous darling that she is, a trifle ostentatiously to let people see the pink doesn't rub off or the white crumble away in little pills. I do not know which is the handsomer, a thoroughbred, well-groomed horse, or a well-groomed woman, nor which excites in a general way the most genuine admiration.

Some persons laugh at the girl who spends a long time over her toilet. Don't mind them any dears, go on and spend all the time you can afford. Make your faces as fresh as daisies, as sweet as clover, as bright as a May morning, as clear as a rain-washed rose. You can't do it with a powdered rag and a hare's foot dipped in rouge, or with a bottle of Lubin and a lace frill. Those are but hothouse arts and aids to hothouse beauty. Cultivate you, my dears, the beauty that can stand sunshine and the inspection of the electric light. Keep the shine off your nose with a little innocent rice powder, but trust to soap and water, crash towels and energy for the rest, and when you scud past me in the street I shall look after you in all your sprightly grace and I shall dream I am out in the pure dew-washed country and that it is just five o'clock of a June morning, with young birds waking in the larch trees, and cow bells tinkling down in the meadow where the pied daisies are all in bloom.

MRS. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR is rather reserved in her display of heraldry, and sends out many notes on plain white paper entirely unmarked, save with the address of her residence stamped in silver or one plain color at the top of the sheet.

No one has more fashions and fancies, all her own, in the line of stationery, than Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt. She has a varied array of sizes and shapes, French gray and pale, blue gray being her favorite colors. One style of paper is a very thick, translucent kind, resembling isinglass. The number of her house on Fifth Avenue, or the name of her Newport cottage, with the words, "Newport, Rhode Island," underneath, are stamped on the paper. White ink is used occasionally by Mrs. Vanderbilt.

Young Ladies, Look!
Spirit Photo of your Future Husband 10 cts. Art of Fortune Telling 10 cts. Secrets of Beauty 20 cts. Mysteries of Clairvoyance 20 cts. Lovers' Letter Writer 15 cts. Address, J. T. HANDFORD, 37 Broome St. Newark, N. J.

Goitre OR THICK NECK. I have a positive, Cleanly, Harmless Cure. Come if you can, or write me at 28 Livingstone St., Cleveland, O. DR. J. CASKEY.
It is no Iodine smear. Cure made Permanent.

INVALID LIFTER. WANTED.—Every helpless invalid to know that they can be lifted, and moved from a bed to a rolling chair, or from one position to another, in or out of a carriage, with perfect ease and safety, by the use of The Cutting & Stelle Invalid Lifter. A helper that never grows weary. A wonderful invention! Mention this to helpless invalids. Pamphlet, four cents, in stamps.
J. B. KING, Hudson, Ohio.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address.
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Mothers' Corner.

"Many perpetual youth keep dry their eyes from tears."—TENNYSON.

The Moral Value of Neatness.

One of the serious mistakes made by mothers in training their children is in supposing that careful habits can be cultivated in careless surroundings. A ragged or worn carpet, so little valued by the mother that grease or ink spots can be left on it without causing comment, may become a moral calamity. Tying the child up in a bib, and giving it the liberty to spill its food when eating, is responsible for bad table habits in the men and women whom we meet. A child who is made to eat its food carefully, in a room where the furnishings are respected, where a penalty will follow carelessness, naturally acquires careful manners. Many a mother spends more time repairing damages—the results of careless habits, due largely to the furnishings in the dining room—than she would need to spend in setting a table carefully and keeping the room in order, so that its order and neatness commanded the respect of the children. The ounce of prevention is worth seven pounds of cure in the training of children, and it is a pity that the ounce of prevention is not administered to the infinitesmal doses necessary in childhood, rather than in the radical doses necessary to overcome neglect in matters that are never minor—for manner and habits mark the man. A man may be a moral man and eat with his knife; but he would be a more valuable man in the community if he recognized the uses for which the knife was designed and applied it only to those uses.

Sleep for School Children

We all know how much greater is the need of sleep for children than for grown persons, and how necessary for their good is to be able fully to satisfy this need; but how great it is generally at any particular age of the child is very hard to define exactly. The amount varies under different climatic conditions. In Sweden we consider a sleep of eleven or twelve hours necessary for the younger school children, and of at least eight or nine for the older ones. Yet the investigations have shown that this requirement lacks much of being met in all the classes through the whole school. Boys in the higher classes get little more than seven hours in bed; and, as that is the average, it is easy to perceive that many of them must content themselves with still less sleep. It is also evident from investigations that the sleeping time is diminished with the increase of the working hours from class to class, so that the pupils of the same age enjoy less, according as they are higher in their classes. It thus appears constantly that in schools of relatively longer hours of work the sleeping time of the pupils is correspondingly shorter. In short, the prolongation of the working hours takes place at the cost of the time for sleep.

Rough Handling of Children.

The causes of joint diseases in childhood are frequently obscure, but this much is certain, that the rough handling which children receive at the hands of ignorant parents or careless nurses has much to do with the matter. Stand on any street corner and notice how children are handled. Here comes a lady with a three year old girl she is walking twice as fast as she should, and the child is overexerting itself to keep pace; every time the child lags she gives it a sudden and unexpected lurch, which is enough to throw its shoulder out, to say nothing of bruising the delicate structures of the joints. A gutter is reached. Instead of giving the little toddler time to get over in its own way, or properly lifting it, the mother raises it from the ground by one hand, its whole weight depending from one upper extremity, and with a spring which twists the child's body as far around as the joints will permit, it is landed, after a course of four or five feet through the air, on the other side.

Here is a girl twelve years old with a baby of one year in her arms. The baby sits on the girl's arm without support to its back. This would be a hard enough position to maintain were the girl standing still, but she is walking rapidly and the little one has to gather the entire strength of its muscular system to adapt itself to the changing basis of support, to say nothing of adjusting its little body to sudden leaps and darts on the part of its wayward nurse. Sometimes during a sudden advance you will see a part of the babe a foot in advance of its head and trunk, which have to be brought up by a sudden action of the muscles of the trunk and neck.

Probably not one child in a hundred is properly handled.

Confidence Between Mother And Daughter.

There is no other relation more beautiful than that which may exist between mother and daughter. The mother can completely control the tastes of the child, if she proves worthy of her trust and confidence; and there is no one to whom a child would rather confide her secrets than to such a mother. By no means should the confidence be all on one side. The mother too, should have her secrets which she can intrust to the youthful ears.

Make your daughter feel that she is necessary to the comfort, and happiness of the family and tell her how greatly she is missed when absent. Ask her advice, sometimes, and follow it as far as possible: it will make her very happy to know that, at last, she is getting old enough to be a real help to mother. She will begin to cultivate her tastes, taking you as a model, so that she may the more readily offer suggestions in the future. Unconsciously, she will adopt your ideal as her own, and when that point is reached, there is no knowing to what extent she will ever after trust to your advice.

I know a family where the daughter is now a young woman of excellent judgment. She has always been the confidante and "chum" of her mother, who is her dearest and most intimate friend. In the same family the boys also feel that nearness and love towards mother.

It is well to give a daughter something which she may call her own, and that will bring in spending money, as well as give it to the son. She should be made to feel that she is not dependent, but that her share in the work entitles her to a share in the profits.

A family I have in mind raises a great number of chickens every year. One year the mother tends to them and has the proceeds. Next year the daughter has them and so on, each person doing whatever he pleases with the earnings. But let me say here, it always goes for a "family present,"—something that will gladden each member of the household.

I know instances where the daughter would be far better off had the mother no influence whatever over her. Shame, that such a state of affairs should exist? The mother seems as greatly pleased over the daughter's success in catching new fortnightly beaux, as other mothers feel when their daughters receive prizes for efficient work in school. She proudly exhibits the packet of loveletters the daughter has received in one week—not from *one*, but from half a dozen young fellows!

How careful we should be as to the company our daughters keep! Look out upon the streets of any town, from about sundown till nine o'clock, often later, and what do you see? Young girls, dressed in their best, walking two and two, or in groups, up one street and down another, or standing chatting with some youth upon a street corner. These are all somebody's daughters. Are they yours? Perhaps some mother will ask, "What harm, so long as there are other girls with her?" Ah, yes! But who are the other girls, and for what purpose do they walk there, anyway? Usually for a chance conversation with some young man, or for looks of admiration from those who cannot find an excuse to talk.

Do you suppose these daughters are the confidential companions of their mothers, or that they repeat to them even half of the conversation which passes between them and their girl friends, or between them and their favorite young men?

For some reason there is a sad lack in child training nowadays; we need more of the Spartan discipline. Where does the trouble lie? Mostly, I believe in the mother's failure to secure the loving confidence of her child.

The mother, like the American people generally is in too much of a hurry. At the time when the future looks so large and mysterious, when there are a thousand questions arising in the daughter's mind which she wishes some one could answer, and she hardly knows that she is stepping from childhood into a new sphere, who is better fitted to settle all the doubts, answer the questions, and point out the beauties of a pure and perfect womanhood, than mother?

If you have not previously secured your daughter's confidence, however, be sure that it will not be given you then; for her timidity and bashfulness will be greater at that time than ever before. If she does not go to you, she gathers a little information from one young friend, a little more from another, and very likely none of it correct, and much of it harmful; but it helps to form that character which, at that age grows more stable and life-lasting.

Half the girls we meet to-day, between the ages of thirteen and seventeen, are going out in company without either mother or father accompanying them. Either they go alone, or with a young girl or a young man as easily influenced as themselves. These young people have an idea that their parents are growing old and are of a different generation from themselves, and therefore they neither understand nor sympathize with them; so they seek suggestions from those whom they think will coincide with their views, and with the times generally. To get married early, is often their chief aim: "for what" they say, "is more disagreeable than an old maid!"

This reminds me of the last verse of a poem I read long ago and which, I think, forms the foundation of too many girl-marriages.

"And now I'm in haste for my wedding,
I'm in earnest and can't be denied.
'Twill be such a beautiful romance,
To be called 'the little girl bride.'"

But soon the "little girl bride" grows into a heartsore, discontented mother who vainly questions, "why didn't mother teach me to wait until I was old enough to understand what marriage means?"

What nobler calling than that of wife and mother! But how sad when the mother is but a child herself and wholly unfit for the care of God's rare blossoms.

Dear mother, where is your girl to-night? Is she bound up in your love and influence, and is that influence born of God? If not then do not blame her if, some day, she brings shame upon your family name.

THE daughter of Nordhoff, the writer, took a fancy to the bookbinders' trade, When in England she sought admission to a shop, but the trade union was in the way. At first she found similar discouragement in the United States, though not enough to turn her aside, and she has become a good worker.

WHEN a year old a child should have bread and milk, hominy, oatmeal porridge and a soft-boiled egg three times a week, cracked wheat, or any of the cereals; bread and butter, oatmeal bread and a little treacle, or molasses, if it likes it. When the double teeth are though it should have beefsteak, mutton chops, or chicken nicely minced. The juice from raw roast beef, or mutton, on bread, is good for it. Baked or stewed apples, boiled custard, bread pudding, rice and stewed prunes, rice pudding, figs, etc., may be gradually added, as well as potato, and any well prepared soup.

Culinary.

"Man is a carnivorous production and must have meals."—BYRON.

The Deadly Mince Pie.

The woman's dead and laid away,
She made pies for Thanksgiving day,
She bought,
And weighed,
And stoned,
And chopped,
And washed,
And stewed,
And never stopped
To eat or sleep for thirteen moons,
And now she sleeps among the tombs.

Mince Meat.

Here is a recipe for mince meat which an old housekeeper recommends as rich and reliable. One pound lean beef, half pound beef suet, three pounds apples, one pound layer raisins, half pound Sultana raisins, one pound currants, half pound citron, one and a half pounds C sugar, one heaping teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice and nutmeg, one tablespoonful each of mace and cinnamon, one teaspoonful salt, one pint cooking sherry, half pint cooking brandy. Boil the beef, and when cold chop it fine; powder the suet, peel and chop the apples, seed and halve the layer raisins, and slice the citron; wash the currants and Sultana raisins in three or four waters and pick them over carefully.

After the mince meat is made it should ripen a few days before using. It will keep all winter in a cold place.

Cider mince meat may be made by the same recipe, substituting cider for the wine and brandy. In that case the mince meat must be cooked four or five hours in a stone crock set in a pot of boiling water, and then allowed to cool gradually.

A DELICIOUS nut pudding may be made after the following recipe and will prove a nice variation from the time-honored plum pudding. The ingredients are one cupful each of molasses, chopped suet and sweet milk, two and a half cupfuls of flour, one cupful of seeded raisins, one pound of English walnuts, and a quarter of a pound of figs chopped, a grated nutmeg and a teaspoonful of soda; mix and steam two hours and a half. Any good pudding sauce may be used with this. An especially fine wine sauce is made as follows: Cream together a cupful of powdered sugar and half a cupful of butter; whip one cupful of sweet cream, and beat it into the butter and sugar; put the whole into a double boiler over the fire, and beat it until it is smooth and foaming. Then add a wineglassful and a half of sherry, and send at once to the table——Winter pears that are hard and inferior, will sometimes bake nicely, if managed right; put them into an earthen baking dish, pour about a cupful of water into the dish, and sprinkle a little sugar over the pears. Cover them with another baking dish and bake slowly until the pears are thoroughly cooked and tender. During the course of the baking baste them a few times with the liquid.

BANANAS (TO COOK).—Place eight bananas peeled (not over ripe) in a silver or enamelled pan, and pour over them half a pint of good claret or Burgundy, with 3oz. of sifted sugar, and the juice of half a lemon. Stew very gently for twenty or twenty-five minutes. Serve cold, with whipped cream.

Six bananas, one well-beaten egg, four dessertspoonfuls of flour, and two dessertspoonfuls of sugar. Mash the fruit into a pulp with a fork, add the other ingredients, beat up well, drop half a dessertspoonful at a time into boiling fat, turn as soon as set, and keep turning until fried a nice brown. Can be eaten either hot or cold, but are rather rich hot.

Make a smooth, thin batter with flour and eggs, thoroughly well beaten up, and a pinch of salt; have ready some very hot butter in a pan. Peel six good-sized bananas (or more), cut them lengthwise in finger lengths, dip them into the batter, and thence immediately drop them into the hot butter. When brown on one side turn them, and when done equally brown serve them hot, thickly sprinkled with sifted sugar and cinnamon. Another way; Peel some fine bananas (they should, of course, never be over-ripe for cooking), cut them lengthwise, making three or four slices of each one; prick them here and there, and put them into a very clean frying pan with ½lb. of sugar, 6oz. of butter, a pinch of cinnamon, or a little vanilla if preferred, some cloves, and a little water. Put the pan on a brisk fire, shaking frequently to prevent the bananas from burning. When the liquor is fairly thick, put the pan in a cool oven or under a salamander for a short time, then serve.—*Pudding*: Butter a pie dish, put in the bottom a layer of grated bread, then one of bananas, sliced thin, and another of powdered sugar. Over this put some butter and a sprinkling of vanilla or cinnamon, cloves and grated nutmeg. Repeat this "stacking" till the dish is full, then bake for one hour. This can be eaten with syrup or not.—*Compote*: Peel some bananas (not too ripe), remove any threads or fibres, but do not touch the fruit with a metal blade. Drop the fruit into boiling water, strain at once, and drop them into some hot syrup over the fire; draw the pan aside, and let the fruit cool in the syrup. About one hour and a quarter after, strain the bananas, reduce the syrup, flavour it with orange zest, pour it over the bananas, and serve when quite cold.—*Preserve*: Choose good fine fruit, nearly ripe; peel and boil very slightly and carefully, to keep the bananas whole. Put them into jars, with a little piece of vanilla or cinnamon in each; pour over them a thin syrup flavored according to taste; tie down when cold, and keep in a moderate temperature.

The Man Who Laughs.

The man whose ha! ha! reaches from one end of the street to the other may be the same fellow who scalded his wife and spanked the baby before he got his breakfast, but his laughter is only the crackle of thorns under the pot. The man who spreads his laughter through his life—before a late breakfast when he misses the train; when his wife goes visiting and he has to eat a cold supper; the man who can laugh when he finds a button off his shirt, when the furnace fire goes out in the night, and both of the twins come down with the measles at the same time—he's the fellow that's needed. He never tells his neighbor to have faith; somehow he puts faith into him. He delivers no homilies; the sight of his beaming face, the sound of his happy voice, and the sight of his blessed daily life, carry convictions that words have no power to give. The blues flee before him as the fog before the west wind; he comes into his own home like a flood of sunshine over a meadow of blooming buttercups, and his wife and children blossom in his presence like June roses. His home is redolent with sympathy and love. The neighborhood is better for his life, and somebody will learn of him that laughter is better than tears. The world needs this man. Why are there so few of them? Can he be created? Can he be evolved? Why is he not in every house, turning rain into shine and winter into summer all round the year, until life is a perpetual season of joy?

Mr. Spiker Does Some Shopping.

"You had better put them down on a piece of paper," said Mrs. Spiker, on giving her order.

"Oh, no," said Mr. S., "my memory is good."

"Well, then, a spool of 60 Coates' black thread."

"Yes."

"A yard of not too light and not too dark calico."

"Yes."

"A small hammer, a can of peaches of the Pasadena brand, a dozen pearl buttons, two yards of cardinal ribbon, silk on one side satin on the other."

"Yes," said Mr. S., thoughtfully.

"A pair of slippers for baby, a dozen lemons, a good tooth-brush, a pineapple, two ounces of sky-blue German yarn, an ounce vial of homœopathic nux vomica pellets, a——"

"Wait a second," said Mr. S., counting on his fingers.

"And a bottle of vanilla extract, and a yard of triple box-plaited crepe lisse ruching, and three yards of a small-checked nainsook, and ——"

But Mr. S. had seized his hat and was running for the station. What the poor man brought home was a yard of bed-ticking, and three yards of black crepe, a bottle of vinegar, eight yards of nankeen, a scrub-brush, a pound of green yarn, sixty spools of coat thread, a yard of very black calico, and a pint bottle of homœopathic pills.

The Woman Who Laughs.

For a good every-day household angel give us a woman who laughs. Her biscuit may not be always just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread and forget to replace dislocated buttons, but for solid comfort all day and every day she is a paragon. Home is not a battle-field, nor life one long, unending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, or, if the matter has no bright side, of shining up the dark one, is a very important faculty, one of the things no woman should be without. We are not all born with the sunshine in our hearts, as the Irish prettily phrase it, but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of humor if we only try.

How to Train the Memory.

Sidney Woollett, the New York elocutionist, says that the way memory can be trained is by constant exercise. "I know thirteen of Shakespeare's plays and Tennyson's 'Idyls' by heart, besides a volume of miscellaneous poetry. My process was simple. I went hard to work and learned them by note. Sometimes I would read ten lines over carefully several times and then attempt to read them. If I failed I would keep at them till I knew the lines perfectly; then I would try ten lines more. By memorizing ten lines at a time thoroughly I had little trouble to repeat an entire poem of a thousand lines or more. My favorite way of memorizing is while I am walking. Often I have walked fifteen or twenty miles repeating long poems like 'Miles Standish,' 'Enoch Arden,' and 'Elaine.' It somehow comes natural to me to memorize while walking. I seem to remember better what I have conned. Shakespeare's plays are difficult to memorize, because the author has so many striking lines and so many original characters. Naturally it is more difficult to recite dramas than poems. If I happen to make the slightest mistake in reading my lines I hear from it, so I am careful to know what I recite perfectly."

A Curse of Woman.

The most marked social change wrought in our time is the extraordinary increase in the number of educated women who voluntarily earn their living by work. As history shall look back and weigh our time it will pretty surely regard this change as the happiest of all that we have made.

The educated mind needs not anly occupation, but the obligation of occupation. It is not enough that one shall know how to pass the time; one needs to have duties of a regular and constant character which must be discharged. In the absence of such obligation, in the absence of work that is interesting for its bread-winning or other practical value, there surely come *ennui*, discontent, unhealthy vague longings, and a weary life.

It is the curse of women that in our social arrangements they are in so great a degree excluded from systematic work. The very tenderness of our care for them has been, and is, an affliction to them. Their lives are arranged upon the assumption that they are to be idlers, or at least that their work is to be of an irregular and inconsequent sort, and a great sum of human suffering, immeasurable but omnipresent, is the consequence.

The trouble is that we have educated our women into an intellectual activity that demands earnest occupation, and have at the same time continued to maintain social arrangements and social prejudices that were born of a time when women were educated only to be the playthings of men, the companions of their relaxation, not of their endeavor.

Our women are of a larger mental and moral mold than were those of earlier times, and their needs are larger. Among them is the need of opportunity to use their faculties to the full measure, and they are beginning to find out the fact. It is the beginning of a revolution from which the world will greatly profit.

How a Great Man Proposed.

Abraham Lincoln's offer of marriage was a very curious one, and singularly enough, it has but recently come to light. Numerous as his biographers have been, and closely as they have gleaned for new facts and materials, it was left for the latest one, Mr. Jesse Welk, of Greencastle, to discover this unique and characteristic production of Mr. Lincoln's almost untutored mind. The letter is one of several written, presumably to the lady he afterward married. Addressed to "My Dear Mary," it reads thus: "You must know that I can't see you or think of you with entire indifference; and yet it may be that you are mistaken in regard to what my real feelings towards you are. If I knew you were not, I should not trouble you with this letter. Perhaps any other man would know enough without any other information; but I consider it my peculiar right to plead ignorance and your bounden duty to allow the plea. I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want at this particular time, more than anything else, to do right with you, and if I knew it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would, to let you alone, I would do it. And for making the matter as plain as possible, I now say you can drop the subject, dismiss you thoughts—if you ever had any—from me forever, and leave this letter unanswered without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. And I will even go further, and say that if it will add anything to your comfort and peace of mind to do so, it is my sincere wish that you should. Do not understand by this, that I wish to cut your acquaintance. I mean no such thing. What I do wish is that our further acquaintance shall depend upon yourself. If such further acquaintance would contribute nothing to your happiness, I am sure it would not to mine. If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing and even anxious to bind you faster if I can be convinced that it will in any degree add to your happiness. This, indeed, is the whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable; nothing more happy than to know you were so. In what I have now said I think I can not be misunderstood; and to make myself understood is the only object of this letter. If it suits you best not to answer this, farewell. A long life and a merry one attend you. But if you conclude to write back, speak as plainly as I do. There can be neither harm nor danger in saying to me anything you think, just in the manner you think it.

"Your friend,

"LINCOLN."

Probably this is the queerest love letter on record and the most remarkable offer of marriage ever made. It is a love letter without a word of love, and a proposal of marriage that does not propose.

Old Proverbs.

Better in the wrong with sincerity, than the right with falsehood.

A candid man blusheth not to own he is wiser to day than yesterday.

While a man liveth he may mend; count not thy brother reprobate.

A heresy is an evil thing, for its shame is its pride.

Men who jest at Revelation cling to a madman's prophecy.

Crosses are ladders leading to heaven.

Death is deaf and hears no denial.

If you trust before you try, you may repent before you die.

I wept when I was born, and every day shows why.

It is better to do well than to say well.

If the parson be from home, be content with the curate.

Nothing is so bad as to be good for nothing.

The crutch of Time does more than the club of Hercules.

A wise man knows he knows nothing, but the fool thinks he knows everything.

Two things a man should never be angry at; what he cannot help and what he cannot keep.

We were born crying, live complaining, and die disappointed.

When it pleaseth not God the saint can do little.

Alms-giving never made any man poor, nor robbery rich, nor prosperity wise.

A liar is a bravo towards God, and a coward towards men.

A man that breaks his word bids others be false to him.

A lie begets a lie till they come to generations.

A good life keeps off wrinkles.

Arrogance is a weed that grows mostly on a dunghill.

Better to go to heaven in rags, than to hell in embroidery.

WORK is the holiest thing in earth or heaven:
To lift from souls the sorrow and the curse,
This dear employment must to us be given,
While there is want in God's great universe.

—LUCY LARCOM.

I DON'T know what it proves, or whether it proves anything, but dentists say that women endure pain with far more pluck than men display. Men howl aloud with the pain the dentist inflicts, while women endure it with silent suffering.

THE DEADLY COLD BED.—If trustworthy statistics could be had of the number of persons who die every year or become permanently diseased from sleeping in damp or cold beds, they would probably be astonishing and appalling. It is a peril that constantly besets travelling men, and if they are wise they will invariably insist on having their beds aired and dried, even at the risk of causing much trouble to their landlords. It is a peril that besides also in the home, and the cold "spare room" has slain its thousands of hapless guests, and will go on with its slaughter till people learn wisdom. Not only the guest, but the family, often suffer the penalty of sleeping in cold rooms and chilling their bodies, at a time when they need all their bodily heat, by getting between cold sheets. Even in warm summer weather a cold, damp bed will get in its deadly work. It is a needless peril, and the neglect to provide dry rooms and beds has in it the elements of murder and suicide.

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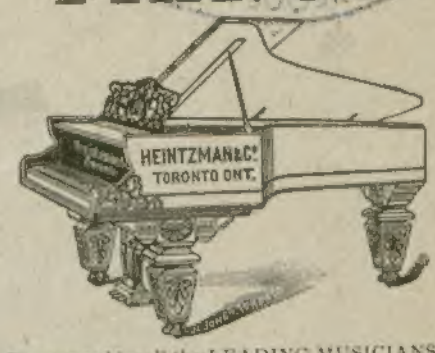

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THE BATTLE OF_____(?)

One of the most remarkable and terrible ever fought. The army of the general whose previous successes had terrified Europe was posted along the ascent with Hougoumont, and the general himself had taken up his stand in a farm house called the "Belle Alliance." The opposing forces were extended over an elevation in the Charleroi Road about two miles from the little village in Belgium which gave its name to the battle. Each commander was thus able to command a view of the whole field. The first general with better equipped and better drilled troops and unable to see the reserve force of the other was over confident. The second commander, supported by the brave old Prussian marshal, divided his troops into two lines and awaited the beginning of the battle. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock on Sunday the 18th of June, 181⅝, that the actual engagement began. The action opened with a brisk cannonade on the house and wood of Hougoumont which were held by the troops of Nassau. The contest continued here all day with terrible fury, but without being able to expel the .....who, although the building had been set on fire, maintained their post amid the flames. Frightful slaughter and great loss ensued. Terrific and resolute attacks were made by the.....cavalry on the.....centre, and at six in the evening the allied army had lost ten thousand men. Their opponents had suffered still more severely losing fifteen thousand soldiers. Then the great general on seeing the .....sweep the old guards before them exclaimed:

"All is lost for the present," and rode from the field. The battle was over.

QUESTIONS:—1st. Name the battle referred to in above description 2nd. What two nations were principally interested? 3rd. Give names of two principal commanders. 4th. Did defeated commander ever regain his position? 5th. Where did he die?

Toronto, February 2nd, 1892.

To Whom It May Concern:—

This is to certify that we have this day contracted with the publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY to ship for them two of the "Heintzman & Co's. Upright Pianos, Style D.," valued at $350.00 each, to the two successful contestants in their Prize History Competition, and have received their order for the same.

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(Signed) HEINTZMAN & CO.

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$100.00 in Cash will be given for the correct answers to the above questions which is the MIDDLE one received during the Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received next PRECEDING the middle one, DUPLICATE prizes will be given for the ten correct answers received next FOLLOWING the middle one.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at $350.00, will be given for the LAST correct answers received before the close of this Competition.

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EXPLANATION:—As the Publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY do not consider it advisable that the names of the winners of either of the pianos should be announced until the close of this contest, no daily prize will be awarded for the first correct answers received on THE FIRST DAY; The sender of such necessarily being the winner of the first piano.

In awarding the daily prizes the second correct answers received from the province or state, which have carried off the solid gold watch for that day will be awarded the Berry Bowl mounted on a silver stand, this is to prevent the first recived from that province or state from securing both the watch and berry bowl on that day.

AWARD OF PRIZES:—A committee consisting of a representative from each of the six Toronto daily newspapers will be invited to act in the award of the prizes at the close of this competition. One hundred dollars in cash will be paid for proof of any unfairnes or partiality in the award of the prizes.

CONDITIONS:—Answers must be accompanied by one dollar for six months TRIAL subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY which will be sent to any address in Canada or United States that contestant desires, decision will be based on the correctness of the answers rather than on the language used in answering. Answers may be mailed any time before May 15th, 1892, as the prizes are equitably divided over entire time competition is open, persons can enter at any time with an equal opportunity of securing one of the leading prizes. No corrections can be made after answers are mailed unless another six months trial subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY is enclosed with corrections. THE LADIES PICTORIAL CO. is an established and financially responsible publishing concern who offer the above prizes purely as a legitimate manner of attracting attention to their elegant sixteen page illustrated weekly. The purpose is to introduce it (on trial) into every possible home in Canada and the United States. It is intended to make each prize winner a permanent advertisement for the merits of the Weekly. Each daily prize winner is expected to secure from amongst their circle of friends at least two new six months trial subscriptions, and it is expected that every winner of a leading prize will renew their trial subscription for an entire year. By this plan we shall introduce the Weekly into at least ten thousand new homes, it is simply a business plan of increasing our circulation. Address LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY Building 192 King Street W. Toronto, Can.

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